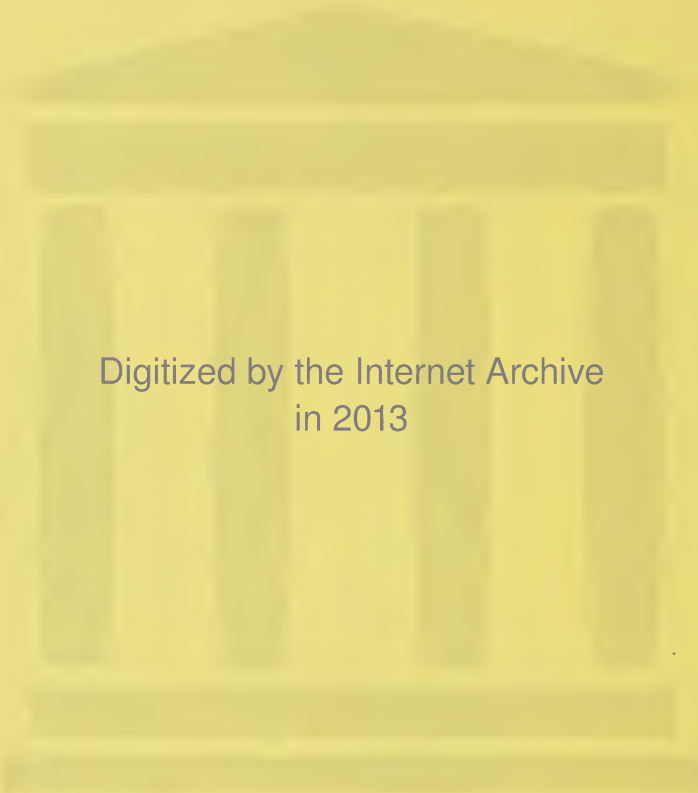


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THE
CHIP BOY OF THE DRY DOCK

BY

SAMUEL CANTY,

A MECHANIC OF NEW YORK CITY.



While thought after thought succeeded each other in my brain, I was moved by the appearance of a little Chip-boy whom I saw coming towards me, with a basket-full of chips upon his back; so pale, so sorrowful, care-worn, and dejected was his look, that it even moved that adamant substance composing my heart.—See page 9.

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THE
CHIP BOY OF THE DRY DOCK.

A Rural Moral Story.

BY
SAMUEL CANTY,

A MECHANIC OF NEW YORK CITY.



NEW YORK:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1855.

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SAMUEL CANTY,

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W. H. TINSON, STEREOTYPED, 24 BECKMAN ST., N. Y.

TO WORKINGMEN IN GENERAL.

It is with deep respect that I inscribe this work to you as a co-laborer, hoping that through my poor exertions you may be enabled to while away an evening amid your families, thus seeking a relaxation from the busy turmoil of your daily toil, with your little ones and friends clustered around you, reading to them the story of the Chip Boy. Should I succeed in lightening for a brief hour the cares and heart-burnings attendant on the precarious lives of my fellow workmen, my object will be attained.

THE AUTHOR.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF

THE LATE JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ. OF
BLENHEIM, IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.
BY
JAMES RUSSELL, ESQ. OF
BLENHEIM, IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, 1793.

Vol. I.

P R E F A C E .

IN placing before the public the following work, I have a strong desire to point out the misuse and abuses applied to the word Charity. It appears to have lost its meaning, and remains but an empty title, to be used by designing men for speculation. The idea of a man standing up in a public meeting, and proclaiming with a loud voice a donation of fifty or a hundred dollars to relieve the suffering poor, is laughable ; when, at the same time, he is buying up produce, bringing a scarcity of an article in the market, thereby raising the prices, to increase his worldly riches, which places it beyond the poor man's means to purchase, and causes thousands to suffer in this land of freedom, where there is plenty for all ; or, for years hoarding up his gold, deaf to the cries of misery surrounding him, when, finding himself fast approaching the grave, he will give large donations to various institutions, or found some splendid edifice, that it may be called by his name. What empty honor ! How much more good would his money have done in relieving suffering humanity, and realizing during his life the only blessing worth living for—that of the grateful prayers of the poor. With this short preface, I send my story before the public, to be judged of by them as to its truthfulness.

THE AUTHOR.

THE CHIP BOY

OF

THE DRY DOCK !

CHAPTER I.

RESIDING in the vicinity of the Dry Dock, my attention has oftentimes been called to those little ragged specimens of humanity, termed Chip Boys. These little fellows can be met morning, noon, and evening with torn and ragged clothing, shoeless, and, in many cases, hatless, vending their stock in trade, with their usual cry of, "Here's your pitch pine chips !" bearing a basket containing pine wood, which they purchase from the different ship-yards at half price ; this sum falls to the share of the workmen, which they term chip-money. Many a silk dress worn by the gayly dressed ladies, seen perambulating the streets, is purchased with the money thus obtained by their husbands, who are employed in the different ship-yards. I have seen very small boys with a basket of wood strapped to their backs, of such enormous weight, that their weak frames would totter under the load. Walking one day in the early part of December, in the year 1853, the weather being somewhat cold, I met several of the before-mentioned little gentry, who exhibited much suffering from the effects of the weather. I observed their destitute appearance ; and, accompanying one of them to his home, a picture of wretchedness met my view beyond description. There I beheld a damp, carpetless floor, a couple of chairs with no backs, a fire-place without any fire, a rudely constructed shelf, adorned with a bowl, a tea-pot without a handle, a cracked cup, some two or three plates of the commonest kind ; a bench stood at the farthest end of the room, which served them for a table, when they happened to have anything to eat ; in one corner there

was a pile of shavings, covered with a torn sheet, which had once been white ; but, by the appearance of it, the white had all washed out.

As I entered, I beheld an object which once boasted of being called a woman, but which was so deformed by dissipation, that it would puzzle any quick-sighted man with the best of optics, aided even by the telescope (which is generally seen by the hospital wall), to tell what it was, lying at full length upon the bed ; beside her was seated a man, in the act of drinking something from a bottle. I paused upon the door-step, and seizing the boy by the arm, I held him motionless, while I gazed at the scene within.

Before the man could raise the bottle to his lips, the woman started up, exclaiming, "Bad luck to ye, Dan ! don't drink it all ;" and, snatching at the bottle, she endeavoured to take it from him. In the struggle it fell on the floor, and rolled beyond their reach, the contents running out upon the dirty boards, forming itself into little pools, which emitted an effluvia much resembling camphene, turpentine, gas, and every ignitable matter within the knowledge of man, deposited in one vessel, and sent by the devil, to barter for men's souls, under the name of alcohol.

When they saw the liquor was destroyed, they began to pummel and scratch each other most unmercifully. The boy observing this, escaped from my grasp, hastened to his father, and, throwing his arms about him, held him fast until his mother extricated herself from his clutches ; when this was accomplished the boy retired, standing at some distance from him, while he continued to curse and threaten his mother. Then, turning to the boy, he observed :

"Billy, what do ye think ? that ould witch has spilt all the drink."

"Well, father, don't beat her any more," cried the boy.

"Well, I won't, if ye'll do one thing."

"What is that ?" asked the boy.

"Did ye sell ye're chips, Billy ?"

"I did."

"Then, if ye'll take the money and go ti'll the Dutchman's, and get a drop of the crature, I'll never lay a hand on her ag'in. Come, now, run away, that's a little man."

"Father, I think ye've had enough," said the boy, in a coaxing manner. "I wish the Timp'rance min would pass the Maine Law that they talk so much about—I think they would be doing the main thing."

I saw it would be useless to remonstrate with a man in his condition. I turned on my heel, and left the house. As I walked along I fell into the following train of thought : Philanthropy had taken such rapid strides in the cause of suffering Humanity. The public papers were teeming with acts of Benevolence and Charity—I was surprised that it had not visited those regions. Was it possible that it did not go aside from the public walks of life to dispense its gifts ; or was it left for some individual, more humane than the rest, to place before the public the misery that reigns in this section of the city ? By so doing, they would have a large portion of their miserable fellow-beings ready cut and dried for them, upon whom they could exercise their charity, similar

to the Five Points Mission, well knowing that when once a stir is made, the papers record all donations ; and if the benevolent donors should happen to be of note, their names are *Herald*-ed by Bennett, or they bask in the rays of Beach's *Sun*. Such charities do not suit the *Times*. They should be sent with *Dispatch*, by some trusty *Courier*, to the *Tribune*, where they would be disrobed of their worldly deformity, and stand forth in their true guise, and show to the world that Charity is something more than a name in this our *Empire City*.

I am willing to acknowledge the benefit derived by a large portion of suffering humanity from worldly charity ; or, in other words, that charity which springs from selfishness, or worldly interest. For instance, I have heard of a very benevolent manager of one of our flourishing theatres, who occasionally sends a box of boots and shoes to the Five Points Mission, for the use of the destitute children. But does he turn aside in the dead hour of the night, and search out some poor, suffering, barefooted child, and place a pair of shoes upon its feet ? He would not need a pair of spectacles to find one, for there are plenty of such spectacles to be met with, in our streets. Thus it is plainly seen that those public charities keep to the broad walks of life, while many an object of poverty suffers, and dies unknown, in private.

While thought after thought succeeded each other in my brain, I was moved by the appearance of a little chip-boy whom I saw coming towards me, with a basket-full of chips upon his back ; so pale, so sorrowful, care-worn, and dejected was his look, that it even moved that adamantine substance composing my heart. And, dear reader, I can boast of being one of the most unsympathizing, uncharitable specimens of the human race left unhung. I stopped immediately in front of him, and, with a voice softened to as tender a key as I could assume, I asked him what was the matter. He made me no answer ; but a tear rose, and stood for an instant in his eye, then, finding its way down his pallid cheek, it fell upon the sleeve of his torn jacket, as if it wished to bury itself in wretchedness.

I pulled my purse from my pocket (which, by-the-by, is generally very light), gave him a penny, and passed on, intending to have it *mentioned in the papers*, or record it in my work, so that I might be enabled to reap all the benefit which would accrue from placing the knowledge of my donation before the world.

Being an early riser, I sauntered forth on the following morning, just at the dawn of day, taking my way towards the river. I observed that there were assembled upon the pier at the foot of Sixth street a number of Chip-boys, with baskets upon their backs ; they were standing in a circle, all save one, who stood apart, in a melancholy attitude, gazing upon the waters. Those that were congregated together gave one hearty shout as the gun, proclaiming day, was fired at the Navy-yard. For this plainly told them that the workmen would soon appear, which would be a signal for them to commence their daily toil. To while away the intervening time, they commenced singing, with a not unmusical voice, the following lines, which were arranged by some one of them, and called

THE CHIP BOYS' SONG.

We're a gang of young rips,
 Who go ped'ling pine Chips;
 Through the streets we go trudging, my honey,
 So loudly we do cry—
 "Here's pine Chips, who will buy?"
 For we have to work hard for our money.

Chorus.—Here's your pitch-pine Chips,
 Here's your pitch-pine Chips,
 Here's your pitch-pine Chips, to-day.
 Here's your pitch-pine Chips,
 Here's your pitch-pine Chips.
 Come and buy, and I will go away.

As their voices died away, the form of a boy was seen, as the increasing light began to make the surrounding objects discernible, hastily issuing from beneath the bottom of a large vessel, which was upon the stocks, crying—"Cooler, cooler." (The name commonly given by those boys for plunder.)

There was a general scampering towards him, with the cry of "Where? Where?" They disappeared, and returned again, bringing out a quantity of tools that some of the workmen had concealed the previous evening.

The boy who had remained apart from the rest, now approached, and gently remarked,

"Do not. Oh! do not take these tools; it is very wrong; you know that you disobey one of the commands of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Who cares for him; who is he?" cried one of the boys.

Tommy replied (for by that name we will call our little hero)—

"Him who came upon earth, and died to save sinners, such as you and me."

"Don't you call me a sinner," cried the boy, going up to Tommy and threatening to strike him.

"Who told you so?" cried another boy.

Tommy made no show of resistance, but meekly replied to the last question—

"One whom I hope and trust is in heaven—my mother!"

"Get out!" cried the boy; "we don't want any of your preaching;" and catching hold of Tommy's cap, pulled it over his eyes.

Tommy, extricating himself from the crowd, retired to the end of the wharf. The boys were about to decamp with the tools, when one of them remarked to the rest, "that perhaps Tommy would inform upon them, should they take the aforesaid articles."

Upon this suggestion from the boy, they all ran to Tommy, and cried,

"Will you tell?"

"If I am asked," was the reply; "for I was taught never to tell a lie."

This reply deterred the boys from stealing the tools, which they

replaced in the spot from whence they had been taken. And, as if by way of revenge, the urchin who had attempted to strike Tommy, cried, "Throw him overboard." The rest of the crowd catching the idea, ran towards him, crying, "Overboard with him ! overboard with him !" And suiting the action to the word, they seized Tommy, and before I could reach the spot to prevent them, they had hurled him into the water and ran off, shouting up the wharf.

Tommy rose to the surface ; the tide was running down at a rapid rate, which carried him from the shore out into the river, he soon found it impossible to make any headway. In his efforts to swim towards the city, he found himself receding farther from it ; he saw that his basket impeded his progress, and placing himself in an upright position, which the boys generally term treading water, he divested himself of his incumbrance ; in doing so his jacket, which was much too large, slipped from his shoulders, and was carried away with the stream ; he now found himself at liberty, and being an excellent swimmer, he struck out manfully for the pier at the foot of Third-street, which he was enabled, by the greatest effort to reach, and clambering upon the dock, he ran, chilled and shivering, to his home.

It was a desolate looking home, that of the Chip Boy ;—a place where vice, debauchery, destitution, and misery congregated ; squalid forms of every hue, could be seen in close communication ; if they had the sum which was demanded by the old woman in return for a shelter, 'twas all that was required.

Such was the home of our little hero, who had been reared by a pious mother, and had been taught from his earliest infancy, although surrounded by poverty, to walk in the straight and narrow path.

Methinks I hear some of my fair readers cry, "Why did a boy, brought up in that way, dwell in the midst of such vice ?"

I will take Paddy's privilege, and answer by asking another question, "How far would a poor little ragged orphan, with no one to care for him, without the attentions of a mother to cleanse him and keep him tidy, have to walk, before he could obtain a boarding-house, in this great emporium of the Western World."

Your answer will probably be, "I never thought of that." Consequently, a shelter must be obtained, even in the low haunts of vice, oftentimes by poverty-stricken virtue.

Upon the arrival of the boy, who entered shivering, from the effects of his cold bath, he was asked by Mrs. Brown, the person who kept the place, what brought him home ?

He timidly related the circumstance of his mishap, when he was assailed with a perfect torrent of abuse ; and why ? because every penny that he had been owner of, had been deposited within the lining of his old jacket, which had gone floating down with the tide. Thus, the savings of the week which he had collected to meet the demands of the landlady, were gone at one fell swoop, and this being Saturday, the money was due.

"Get out of my house, you lazy little imp. You can't come it over

me," cried Mrs. Brown ; " I'm up to you ; it's only a trick to cheat me of my just dues."

" Indeed, Madam, I am telling you the truth ; do not be harsh with me ; advance me but money enough to purchase another basket, and I will work doubly hard to repay you."

" Clear out, clear out ! I'll have no deceitful hangers-on about me, who try to cheat me ; so in this house you do not stay a moment ; so get you gone. Clear."

With these words she pushed him up the steps and out upon the side-walk ; then going in, she closed the door.

Thrust out into the open street, shivering with wet garments, Tommy walked disconsolately along for some time. He wandered from one street to another, and occasionally, as he cast his eyes upon the baskets that were hung out for sale, he wished for money enough to buy one, that he might be enabled to commence work, to gain more money. He was on the point several times, as the day began to wane, and the cravings of appetite to come upon him, to beg a basket from some benevolent person, whom he saw at the store-doors ; but as their gaze fell upon him, they wore such harsh expressions, that his heart failed him, for he dreaded a refusal. He had seen several persons carrying carpet-bags and packages, which he humbly offered to carry, hoping thereby to gain a trifle to purchase his evening meal, but he was rudely thrust aside, with some harsh word ; and thus he wandered on, until night, aye, and long after night. Having wandered back into the neighbourhood where he had started from in the morning, the toy-shops and other stores were all brilliantly illuminated. Weary and hungry he paused and stood gazing into a baker's window in Avenue D., at the cakes and bread so bountifully displayed, but this only increased his appetite, and he was in the act of turning away, when a lady came out of the door leading by the hand a child, and as they passed him the little girl cried, " Mother, are you not going to buy me the doll I showed you, on Christmas ?"

" Yes, my dear," was the answer.

How those words affected Tommy. A sense of loneliness came over him—he had no mother—no friend—no home. He slowly wandered on, turned down Third street, and proceeded towards the wharf. Upon reaching the water's edge, he sat down and gazed into the stream, which reflected back the bright stars that shone upon its bosom. He had often done so of late ; he would sit there for hours, and muse upon his loneliness, and think of his departed mother. While sitting there this evening, busied with these thoughts, he fell into a gentle slumber ; he appeared to be conscious that he was looking into the water, gazing at the stars, which shone with a dazzling brilliance, creating a bright halo around a throne of milky whiteness, upon which was seated the great Eternal Ruler. Upon his right hand sat his beloved Son, the Redeemer, interceding for our fallen race. Numerous happy angels flitted to and fro, obeying his mandates ; ever and anon sweet bursts of heavenly music would float upon the balmy air, borne on by gentle zephyrs, which filled his soul with ecstasy. In front of the throne he beheld the pale face of his mother, who was holding by the hand his

little sister, who had perished with hunger. His mother directed his attention down to the bottom of a steep descent, where he beheld his poor, lost, deluded father, among many others, writhing in agony in a molten lake of burning fire, casting supplicating looks upward towards the throne of the Most High. After gazing for a few moments with horror upon this scene, he again turned his eyes upon his mother and sister, when he beheld a white banner floating above the throne, with the following words in letters of gold—"Beware of the Tempter"—displayed upon it.

While gazing on this heavenly vision with holy love and reverence, he was startled by the ringing of a bell near him, which awoke him, and all the stern, sad realities of life returned upon him with full force. He shuddered as he thought of his desolate condition, and crawling under some boards, he wept bitterly, and endeavored to compose himself to sleep.

Sleep on, thou lone one. Weep not, poor boy, thy troubles will soon be ended ; thou art not forgotten ; there is One ever watching over thee, who does not even let a sparrow fall to the ground unnoticed.

Several benevolent and charitable persons who reside in the Eleventh Ward, and have done much good in the Temperance cause, laboring diligently for years, and whose efforts were blest in many cases, had formed the idea and had organized a Mission Sabbath School and Church, to which they gave the name of the Shiloah Mission, for the express purpose of endeavoring to induce those little ragged boys who might be seen upon the wharves on Sunday, tossing coppers, and otherwise breaking the Sabbath, to go to school.

The following morning broke bright and beautiful over the city. 'Twas Sunday, and the first day of the opening of the Mission, which was in Third street, near the river. In the morning, about nine o'clock, a man was seen talking to a gang of boys on the wharf, using every persuasive power that he was master of, to induce them to go with him, where they would be taught something useful, and hear the teachings of our Saviour. His invitation was treated with ridicule by most of them ; and seeing that he could get none of them to accompany him, he looked around, and observed a boy seated upon a piece of timber, near the end of the dock. He approached, and accosted him in the following words :

"Would you not like to go to our Sabbath School, 'tis near at hand?"

"Willingly, sir, would I go, but my clothing is so bad that I am ashamed to be seen anywhere."

"Never mind your clothing," replied the man, "our Saviour does not look at the outside garment, let it be black or white, 'tis the pureness of heart, and love to God, that He requires."

Poor Tommy finding himself so kindly spoken to, arose and went with him.

As they proceeded up the street, this benevolent person questioned the boy, thus—

"How is it that your clothes are in such a horrid state, do your parents drink?"

Tommy drew his sleeve across his eyes, wiping away a tear, as he answered—"I have no parents."

Having arrived at the school, Tommy was placed in a class. The person that brought him there intended to question him further, after the morning service, and if he found the boy was in a destitute condition, to speak to those with whom he was associated in this good work, and arrange matters to have him taken care of. But he was prevented from doing this, by an occurrence which created such an excitement in the immediate neighborhood of the church, that it interrupted the proceedings for the rest of the day. I allude to the arrest of Mr. Parsons, for street-preaching, which has plainly proved that the evil passions of men, have desecrated the sacred name of religion, and have used it for political purposes, as a means to obtain their own ambitious views, and self-aggrandizement, which is creating a deadly wound, causing disunion and distrust, which will dissolve all the brotherly feelings in this Eden of ours, bequeathed to us by the immortal Washington. After the confusion had subsided, Tommy was not there, nor was he found by the men who were in search of him, until the next evening.

We will now take the liberty to introduce the reader into the humble dwelling of a mechanic, where there was a scene enacting, such as would cause angels to rejoice around the Throne of Mercy, and which plainly proves to the world, that the Redeemer died not in vain; 'twas a deed of pure heartfelt Charity, such Charity as is hidden from the eyes of the world.

The room contained five persons; the first that we shall bring before the reader, was a man well advanced in years, a mechanic, but an *honest laborer*, having been intemperate in early life, he had followed the sea for many years, but through the influence of some kind friends, he had become temperate, and gave up the sea, was married, and supported his family by his daily toil. He was seated near a stove in which sparkled a bright fire, upon his knee sat a bright-eyed beautiful child, gazing intently upon the operations of its mother, on the other side of whom was standing a boy about eleven years of age, holding a lighted lamp. Immediately in front of the stove, the mother of the family sat busily engaged cleansing our little hero of dirt and vermin, while he knelt before her. Pause, ye gay butterflies of fashion, pause, I say, in your busy round of pleasure—pause in the midst of the whirling mazy dance, bid the soul-stirring music cease, and gaze for a moment, on the humble occupation of this woman, that of washing and comforting a poor orphan. She too, had been one of the giddy throng, nurtured as tenderly and reared in all the luxuries of life; but heaven had so willed it, that she was placed in a humble sphere, through the vicissitudes of fortunes; but, be assured she was happy, in being thus engaged, and a tear arose in her eye which dropped upon the boy's hand, as she thought of his destitute situation, and she inwardly prayed that some kind stranger would do the same kind office for her dear children, should they be left in a similar state. The boy feeling the tear drop upon his hand, looked up into her face, and with a countenance of heartfelt gratitude exclaimed, "Oh! you do remind me of my dear mother," saying which,

he burst into tears. After he was washed and dressed in other clothes, he looked comparatively happy, seated beside the stove. The infant who watched all the proceedings, appeared to see that the boy was a just object for her sympathy; she clambered down from the father's knees, and having found her little playthings, brought them to Tommy, endeavoring to amuse him. Her brother taking the hint from the child, joined with her, and began singing, while the infant, whose natural genius for music was already developed, began to dance, which soon enlivened the spirit of the boy. While seated here, in the midst of this kind but humble family, he was questioned by Honest Will (as he was familiarly termed by those who knew the man, who had been a friend of our little hero), concerning his late misfortunes; after which, they all retired to rest. He did not go to bed supperless that night, neither did he sleep exposed to the pelting storm; no! he had happy dreams of former days, and a mother's spirit hovering round his pillow.

We will leave him under the kind care of Honest Will for the present, and endeavor to unravel the cause of the destitute condition of that poor boy. What a tale of patient suffering, fraud, villainy and intemperance it will disclose, to do which, we will have to retrace our steps many years in the history of our country.

CHAPTER II.

How different were the feelings of the residents of our good city, upon approaching the Battery, some years past, from what they are at the present day; those noble mansions, standing in all thoroughfares leading to that spot of ground which should be dear to every American heart—that spot from whence the British troops took their departure, when they evacuated New York; giving up, as it were, at the last gasp, inch by inch, the land of which they were destined never more to hold possession. Those noble old mansions were inhabited by wealth and beauty. But the march of improvement has marched our aristocratic merchant princes up town, and filled their houses with emigrants and lager beer. Instead of seeing the face of some young and beautiful girl peering slyly from the curtained window, and the sweet strains of music from within, you behold half-a-dozen bare-headed Germans, with pipes in their mouths, staring at the passers-by, and jabbering in their foreign language, which causes the old New Yorker to gaze around, and, wondering, he asks himself if he has not been carried by some magic power to another land.

In one of these houses, situated at the lower part of Greenwich-street, in a room furnished with every luxury of the times, was seated three persons; it was a cold and stormy night in the month of December, in the year of 1812. Before a large coal fire which burned cheerfully in the grate, was placed a stand and chess-board, at which two personages were diverting themselves: The elder of the

two, a Mr. Graham, was a retired merchant of great wealth, who came to this country subsequent to the Revolution, where he had amassed a handsome fortune. He had some years previous buried his wife; but, among the cares and turmoil of business, it did not affect him much; having leisure now to reflect upon the past, the image of her he loved would often rise to his view; the result was, that all the affection of husband and parent were centred upon his daughter, Charlotte Graham, a lovely girl of nineteen summers, who was seated on the evening we speak of at a piano, turning over the leaves of a music-book, with an abstracted air, while Mr. Graham would, ever and anon, cast his eyes upon her, as he paused in the game. He was a warm friend, generous to a fault; but of ungovernable passions. He was proud of his wealth, proud of his child; but prouder than all of his family name;—he was the third son of an English earl. Family pride was his besetting sin; and, well as he loved his daughter, he would rather have laid her in the tomb with her mother, than consent to her marriage with a man who did not hold the same station as herself in society. The third person was a young man, the only son of Mr. Graham's sister, who had died some years previous, leaving him in care of her brother, who educated him.

The father of George Seten died comparatively poor, but his indulgent uncle supplied him plentifully with money at an early age, which soon drew around him those who are ever to be found ready to worship at the throne of wealth. He saw the power of gold; he saw the advantage that money gave him over his fellow-men; and, knowing himself to be dependent upon his uncle, he conceived the idea of making Mr. Graham's property his own. After casting about in his mind the most plausible manner by which he could obtain his desire, he resolved to endeavor to gain the affections of his fair cousin, in which he was seconded by his worthy uncle.

He was different from most young men of his time, who were in the habit of indulging in the wine-cup; he learned from experience, that a man who had a point to gain in life, should abstain from liquor, for nothing gives one man so much advantage over another, as the free use of intoxicating drinks, and he thought with Cassio, "What a fool man is to put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains."

His cousin received his advances coldly. After endeavoring in vain to make an impression upon her, he resolved to change his tactics, and appear simply as her friend, hoping by so doing that he could remain near her, and wait until fortune should point out some other way whereby he would be able to obtain his cherished wishes—his uncle's wealth.

Chance gave him an opportunity ere long to hope for such a result. Some years previous, Mr. Graham became acquainted with a gentleman, a farmer, in moderate circumstances, by the name of Manvers, for whom he conceived a strong friendship. Mr. Manvers was one of those frank, open-hearted men, who are occasionally to be found among the American farmers: he was always a welcome visitor at the house of Mr. Graham, when business brought him to the city. About

two years before the outbreak between the United States and the Mother Country, he brought his only son to New York to complete his education prior to his entering college, his father depriving himself of many necessary comforts, to fulfill his son's desire to obtain an education suited to occupy the position of a minister, which he aspired to.

On his arrival he was introduced to the family of Mr. Graham, where he often visited. At his father's departure from home, he requested his friend to have an eye to his boy, as he termed William, adding that "youngsters sometimes went astray when away for the first time from their mother's apron string."

George Seten was not well pleased at first with this intrusion in the family circle, fearing that it would mar his plans for the future; he, therefore endeavored to draw William into dissipation; for which purpose he introduced him to a set of men, whose grèatest boast was, who could drink the most. Such companions and such scenes were distasteful to him, and he soon withdrew himself altogether from their society; his greatest pleasure was to spend his evenings in the society of the lovely Charlotte Graham.

Mr. Graham was fond of his company, for William was an expert chess-player, a game in which Mr. G. took great delight.

George Seten was much from home on evenings, purposely, for he had conceived the idea that his fair cousin and William Manvers, being so much together, would form an attachment for each other, which would ripen into love, by their being undisturbed. This he most earnestly desired, as he well knew that his cousin would fall under the displeasure of his uncle, and his dark mind saw that there was something to be gained, should such be the case.

Two such persons as William Manvers and Charlotte Graham could not be much together without loving, for they were formed for each other. Young Seten saw that his hopes were about to be realized, when an event happened that checked his bold and daring schemes. At this eventful period war was declared by the United States against Great Britain.

Mr. Graham was in favor of the Mother Country, aided by Seten, who never failed to agree with his uncle. William Manvers at times had hard work to maintain his ground against them in defence of his country, in a continual war of words. The friendship of Mr. Graham began visibly to cool towards our young friend, who, perceiving it, made his visits less frequent.

Rumors of battles would occasionally arrive, which young Manvers read with interest. A strong desire entered his mind to go forth to battle in behalf of his native land; he accordingly wrote to his father, requesting his sanction; to which he received a reply granting him permission, concluding thus:—"Go forth my son with your father's blessing. The name of Manvers shone brightly in the Revolution. Do not let it be dimmed in the present struggle; sacrifice all but honor and truth, for your country's welfare."

On the evening in which he received his father's letter he met Miss Graham on the Battery, taking her evening walk; on joining her, they conversed upon the common topics of the day; the conversation turned

upon the war, when William mentioned his intended departure for the army, upon which Charlotte turned deadly pale, and would have fallen to the ground, had not young Manvers caught her in his arms, and bore her to a seat beneath one of the trees. With what a thrill of delight did he perceive her agitation ; it plainly told all that his anxious heart would know. On her recovering he seated himself beside her, and, taking her hand, he thus addressed her :—

“ Am I indeed so blest ; or do I deceive myself, in supposing that the agitation of Miss Graham was occasioned by the announcement of my departure ? ”

Charlotte raised her eyes to his, beaming with love.

“ It was. It came upon me so suddenly.”

William Manvers drew still nearer to her side, and poured into her ear his tale of love, and found a willing listener.

How beautiful that young pair appeared as the setting sun poured its rays upon their countenances : the passers-by gazed on them with admiring looks. Unheeded and forgotten were all surrounding objects ; they were wrapt in the embrace of the enchanter—Love ; what was the outward world to them—all, all was forgotten.

They were aroused by the voice of the servant, calling upon Miss Graham, whose father having become alarmed at her lengthened absence had sent in quest of her. They arose from the seat, and gazing around, were surprised to find that the walks were all deserted—time had unconsciously flown by ; the moon had risen high in the heavens, and the bright stars peered forth on that beautiful evening, like the rejoicing eyes of angels from the blue ethereal firmament—fit witnesses to a tale of love so pure and holy.

They parted at the Northern gate. Miss Graham hastened to her home ; William stood gazing after her, until she disappeared from view up Greenwich-street ; he turned lingeringly round, and departed. They did not meet again until the close of the war.

George Seten, with all his ingenuity and art, could not ascertain whether there existed a stronger feeling than friendship between his fair cousin and William Manvers. Vain had been his efforts to gain her secret.

As we have before stated in the former part of this chapter, it was upon a cold winter's night, when we took occasion to introduce to the reader Mr. Graham, his daughter, and nephew. The wind came in fitful gusts, rattling against the casements. It was a cold and bitter night—a night on which those who were fortunate enough to have a shelter, would draw around the fire, and shuddering, think upon the houseless poor, who were exposed to the inclemencies of the winter's blast. Charlotte Graham sat turning the leaves of her music-book without noting the music ; her mind was far away ; she was thinking of her absent lover, whom she had not heard from but once since his departure ; tidings from absent friends were not so readily received in those days as they are in the present. As the happy days that they had passed together recurred to her mind, she remembered a hymn they used to sing together ; she touched the keys of the piano, and sweetly played it from memory.

Mr. Graham and his nephew paused from their game to listen.

Young Seten also remembered hearing them sing that hymn, and he well knew that her thoughts were dwelling upon Manvers. He was determined to make an effort to gain her secret ; the means employed were worthy of him ; it was a master-stroke. As Charlotte concluded singing, Seten took the daily journal from his pocket, and asked Mr. Graham if he had heard the news, and on being answered in the negative, he continued, "the paper gives an account of a battle fought."

He gave the paper to his uncle, and, turning his gaze full upon the face of Charlotte, said, "Our young friend William Manvers is mentioned in the list of wounded."

Miss Graham felt that she was watched ; she tried in vain to conceal her emotion ; the shock came so sudden, and the news, so abruptly broken, nearly overpowered her ; a deathly pallor overspread her countenance, and dropping her head upon the piano, she nearly fainted.

George Seten felt happy ; he had gained all that his evil mind wished to know ; he had discovered the key that would open to him a mine of wealth, and make him sole heir to her uncle's fortune.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLOTTE GRAHAM was aroused by her cousin, who, having risen from his chair, advanced to her side, and addressed her in a low tone.

"You had better be more guarded, sweet coz, or you will betray your secret to your father."

Charlotte raised her head, and gazing upon him with a haughty air, said,

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh ! nothing." Then, raising his voice, so as to be heard by his uncle,

"Cousin, do play something lively ; the air you have just honored us with has given me a fit of the ague ; it was as chilly as the air without."

Charlotte felt the taunt, but made no reply.

Mr. Graham, who had been busily engaged perusing the paper, now threw it aside.

"Come, George, for another game."

Seten then seated himself opposite to his uncle, and commenced placing the chessmen.

Charlotte saw that her cousin had noticed her agitation, and knew the cause ; but might he not suppose that, hearing suddenly of a friend or acquaintance being wounded, would startle her, or did he know of her love for Manvers ? With these thoughts passing through her brain, she endeavored to regain her self-possession ; and, placing some new music, which she had that day received, touched the keys, and commenced playing ; but ere she had concluded the first part, they

were startled by a scream so piercing, so shrill, so heart-rending, that it caused them to spring from their seats.

In a moment after, they heard a moaning and a knocking. Charlotte sprang to the door; on opening which she was nearly thrown down by the violence of the wind; upon the door-sill she beheld a small boy; she caught him by the hand, and hastily drew him within; on entering the room, they discovered that the child (for he was but a mere child, his age seeming not to exceed four years) was thinly clad, being without hat or shoes; Miss Graham led him to the fire; when her father, taking him by the hand, kindly asked him who he was; but could obtain no other answer than—

“Me mother—me mother!”

“Who is your mother?” he inquired.

“Me mother—me mother!”

The boy’s eyes were busily engaged in gazing at the different articles of furniture, when they fell upon the chessmen; he ran and snatched one of them; he held it up admiringly, and danced round the room whistling.

“Poor boy! he is half-witted,” remarked Charlotte; and again taking him to the fire, she kindly inquired who his parents were.

The boy, recalled once more to recollection, began crying, “Me mother—me mother.”

“Where is your mother?” asked Charlotte.

The boy pointed to the street.

“She is sleeping.”

“Where?” asked Mr. Graham.

“In the street.”

“Good heavens!” cried Charlotte; “it was the mother of this poor boy whom we heard screaming; perhaps she lies perishing in the street;” and, springing to the bell-rope, she rang violently. A domestic soon appeared.

“Betty, send James and John to me without delay; tell them to bring a lighted lantern with them. Speed—speed.”

Betty quickly disappeared to obey her mistress’ orders.

Charlotte hastily seized a cloak from off a chair, in which she enveloped her person, and left the room; before she had gained the outer door, she was joined by the two men, who led the way into the street.

Scarcely ten paces from the house, they perceived something lying upon the clear, white snow. On approaching the spot, they saw it was a human being; but apparently lifeless.

“Poor creature!” involuntarily burst from Charlotte’s lips; “raise her carefully.”

The men, obeying her orders, gently raised her, and bore her into the house.

They were met upon the threshold by Mr. Graham.

“Charlotte, it was wrong for you to rush into the street upon such a night as this.”

Charlotte, who had been followed by her father into the room, where the men had carried the woman, turned her eyes upon her parent, as she replied,

"Dear father, is it not better that I should feel the chill blast of winter for a few moments, than that that poor creature should be left to perish in the cold?"

"You are an angel, my love; see that she is properly cared for."

Charlotte bade the men raise the insensible woman, and follow her out of the room.

Mr. Graham now turned his attention to the boy, who was seated on the rug near the fire; every one of the chessmen had disappeared.

"How came you in the street upon such a cold night as this, my lad?"

"I walked on my legs."

"It would not take a philosopher to solve that question," replied Mr. Graham, amused by the boy's ready answer; "but what caused your legs to carry you?"

"My will," and he commenced whistling.

Mr. Graham, surprised at hearing such answers from one so young, again remarked,

"It was a strange time for any person, to have the will to be out upon such a night as this; what say you, my little man?"

He received no other reply than a vacant stare—so blank, so dull, and idiotic, that few persons could suppose that reason had even for a moment dwelt within that brain.

Mr. Graham saw at once that the child was one of those unfortunates—half idiot, half rational; but nature had counter-balanced his idiotic moments by an undue share of wit during his sane moments.

George Seten, who had been a silent observer of all that passed, arose, and, picking up the paper, folded it, and placed it in his pocket. Then took his seat opposite Mr. Graham, who turned as if to renew the game; but on missing the chessmen, he inquired of Seten where they were, he silently pointed to the boy.

Mr. Graham turned to the lad, and demanded them of him.

The boy, whose name was Tommy, cast a look of spiteful hatred at George Seten, and reluctantly returned them to Mr. Graham, who was soon busily engaged in the game.

Tommy sat alternately gazing into the fire and on the chessmen, ruminating in his mind how he could repay George Seten for the fancied injury he had received, until he was summoned by a domestic to follow her, who conducted him to a place of rest.

After having conveyed the insensible woman into another apartment, the two men were dismissed by Charlotte. Every restorative had been used for a time in vain, by Miss Graham and her attendants; but at length their efforts were repaid by a slight sign of returning life, a reunion as it were of soul and body. A convulsive shudder ran through the frame; she opened her eyes, and gazing wildly around upon those who were endeavoring to aid her, she muttered some incoherent words.

"Fear not," remarked Charlotte; "you are in safe hands, who will do all in their power to serve you."

"Where am I?" inquired the woman, in a Scotch accent.

"You are with those who will take care of you," replied Charlotte.

"Ah! I recollect," resumed the woman; "I was in the street,

exposed to all the horrors of the night, and you," she added, gazing into Charlotte's face, with a look of gratitude, "have been kind enough to save me from perishing. May the Lord forget me, lady, when I forget your benevolent act! But my boy, my puir boy! where is he?" added she, gazing from one to another.

Charlotte assured her that he was well taken care of, and bidding the woman not to agitate herself, had her conveyed to a sofa. At this moment a servant entered with some warm nourishment that had been prepared, and which being given to the woman, she evidently began to gain strength.

Miss Graham gave orders to her attendants to have her conveyed to a chamber, and provided with every necessary she might require.

On the following morning her first inquiry, when her maid appeared, was concerning the woman.

She was informed that the stranger had risen early, quite recovered; and now only waited to thank her for her kindness.

Upon Miss Graham descending the stairs, she was accosted in the hall by the woman, who stood waiting, holding her boy by her hand. She bade her follow her into an adjoining room.

"Lady, I could na' think o' goin' awa' without seeing ye, and thanking ye for the preservation of my life, and for the care o' my puir demented boy."

"How came you to be exposed on such a night as the past, to the inclemency of the weather?" asked Miss Graham.

"Lady, my story is na' very lang; but it's unco' full o' sadness. I fear it was tedious for ye to listen t'tit."

"No. Pray do tell it," replied Miss Graham, becoming interested in the woman, who, now being recovered, appeared to be young; her age could not exceed twenty-three years: her features would be called handsome by many; but, as she stood before Miss Graham, with her countenance brightened with gratitude, she appeared beautiful. She seated herself, and, in simple words, related her story, which was to the following effect.

"About a year since she came to this country with her husband and child; they were doing very well, until two months ago, when an accident happened to her husband, who was a carpenter, caused by his falling from the building upon which he was working, and injured himself so severely, that after lingering three weeks in great pain, he died. She had parted with all she possessed to defray the expenses of his funeral: her own strength giving way, owing to her troubles, she had been prostrated on a bed of sickness, and would have perished for want of nourishment, but for the kind attention of a young lady, named Miss Temple, who had gone to spend a few days with an aged aunt in Philadelphia. Before leaving, she had given her a small sum of money for her expenditure until her return. On the previous day her landlord had called and demanded his rent; she explained her situation to him, when he gruffly told her that she must either leave the premises, or pay the money that was due to him. In hopes that he would not turn her out with her child in such cold weather, she had given him all the money that remained of the little store given her by her benefactress

On receiving which, he coolly cast his eyes round the room, calculating the value of the few remaining articles that the room contained, when he rudely ejected them from the house, even forbidding the boy from putting on a little jacket, which lay upon the bench. She wandered from one street to another; sometimes carrying the child, at others leading him by the hand, until her strength giving way, she screamed, and fell to the pavement."

At the conclusion of her tale, Miss Graham wiped away a tear from her eye, which had rose unbidden at the recital.

"Have you no relations or friends in this country?"

"No, my lady; my bairn and mysel' are alone i' the world."

"Where were you going to?"

"To seek some place o' shelter, and endeavor to gain some employment."

"Would you have any objection to enter my service?" asked Miss Graham; "I am in want of a trusty woman."

The woman fell upon her knees, and seizing Miss Graham's hand, covered it with kisses; and while tears fell from her eyes, she exclaimed:

"Bless you, lady! May the choicest blessings o' God be your reward. Do—do allow me to devote my life to your service, that I may endeavor to repay you for your benevolence to me and mine."

Miss Graham bade her rise, and directed her to take her child into the servants' room, and partake of some breakfast, and await her orders.

She now proceeded to an adjoining room, where she was surprised to find her cousin. Upon her entrance he arose, led her to a seat, and addressed her as follows:

"I have sought this interview, dear coz, that we may better understand each other. You well know that it has been one of your dear father's projects that we should become united in wedlock. I early saw that you were averse to the match, and consequently ceased to pay attentions which were distasteful to you. I have long suspected your love for William Manvers."

At the mention of her lover's name, Charlotte blushed deeply, and averted her face from his gaze.

"The occurrence of last night," he continued, "has too plainly convinced me that I judged not wrong. Fear not for your secret, it is safe with me. You well know your father's great folly or pride—that of boasting of his ancestors. I have an idea, dear coz; that he will not willingly receive a farmer's son as the husband of his daughter, nor allow plebeian blood to mingle with the pure current of nobility, that can be traced back as far as the Norman Conqueror. Whatever crosses or troubles your attachment for young Manvers may give rise to, I here pledge myself to aid you by every means in my power for the attainment of your desires."

Charlotte suddenly seized his hand.

"Dear, good cousin; this is so kind—so generous. You did, indeed, guess my secret—I do love Manvers; but yet I tremble when I think should my father become aware of it, how violent would be his rage."

"Do not anticipate ; perhaps all will yet be well. Should Manvers survive the war, and return to our city, he will, no doubt, if he still loves you, solicit your hand from your father. Should he be refused, a clandestine marriage is easily effected."

As he uttered these words, he keenly fixed his gaze upon her face, endeavoring to read her thoughts upon such a step.

"It would break my heart, to disobey my kind, indulgent father's wishes, or give him pain. Pray, Heaven, I may be spared from that. You mentioned, last evening, William's name as being numbered among the wounded?"

"I did. The battle of Queenstown has been fought ; Manvers was wounded, but not dangerously, nobly fighting for his country. Here is the paper, you can peruse it yourself."

Charlotte quickly seized the paper ; and saying, "Thank you, cousin," hastily left the room.

Seten followed her with his eyes until she disappeared ; his countenance was illumined with a demoniac smile—such as would appear on the face of Lucifer, at having triumphed over another soul ; and, muttering, "the game goes well," seated himself to await the summons to breakfast.

By the consent of her father, Charlotte received Jenny Craige—that being the woman's name whom she had rescued from perishing—into her service.

Tommy became quite a favorite with Mr. Graham, who was greatly amused by his tricks, and who never let an opportunity go by to annoy George Seten ; for he never forgave him for detecting him in the possession of the chessmen, upon the night he was admitted into Mr. Graham's house.

Miss Temple, the young lady who had been so kind to Jenny, had, on her return to the city, called at the house where she had left her lying sick ; and, on being informed that she was turned into the street, traced her to the house of Mr. Graham, where she called to ascertain whether Jenny had recovered from her illness ; by doing so, she had become acquainted with Miss Graham, after which she often called. It was there that Seten first beheld Elizabeth Temple ; and, so often meeting her, he soon felt that he loved her with all the love his black heart was capable of.

Nothing occurred to disturb the tranquillity of Mr. Graham's family, until after the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain were happily arranged, when William Manvers turned his steps homeward, after fighting in several engagements, having been promoted to the honorable title of Major for his bravery.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME four weeks previous to the time on which the occurrences happened that have been detailed in the foregoing chapter, as George Seten was returning home one stormy evening, he observed at a short distance before him a young girl, who was endeavouring to make her way against the wind and rain, which blew directly from the point to which she was proceeding.

It was getting dark ; the cold blast came in fitful gusts, beating the rain into her face, which she turned to avoid, thus giving Seten an opportunity to behold her face. He was surprised at the blaze of beauty that met his gaze : she was, indeed, lovely. Though poor in worldly riches, nature had, as if in recompense, bestowed upon her a double share of that which all fashionables are most anxious to possess—that which is the pride of high-born dames, and the sure ruin of many a poor girl—a fair countenance.

Seten quickened his pace to overtake her ; his intentions were to offer her a share of his umbrella : at this moment the girl's foot slipped upon a piece of orange-peel, and she fell to the pavement. Seten sprang to her side, and raising her, anxiously inquired if she had received any injury. Upon being answered in the negative, he solicited permission to escort her home, which was timidly given by the girl, who kindly thanked him for his assistance, blushing deeply as their eyes met.

She was soon clinging to his arm, and partially sheltered from the storm, by the umbrella which he held before them ; thus giving them an opportunity for conversation. Ere they had reached her home, he had learned all he required to know. She had informed him that herself and her mother obtained a livelihood by needle-work ; that she was just returning from a store in Broadway, for which they worked, and where she had been to obtain some money which was due them.

Seten was always attracted by a pretty face, and while she was thus chatting as they walked along, he was revolving in his mind the most approved plan to consummate the hellish design that had taken possession of his brain—that of her betrayal.

Upon their arrival, he was requested to walk in, which invitation he accepted ; and, on being ushered into a small room, plainly but neatly furnished, he was introduced to her mother, to whom he gave his name as Grafton, and learned in return that the name of his hostess was Smith : she begged him to be seated, and partake of a cup of warm tea, which was just ready, as a preventive to his taking cold.

He readily consented, and the trio were soon seated at the little table, chatting away as familiarly as if they had been acquainted for years. Seten, besides having a fine personal appearance, could make himself very agreeable when in the company of ladies. Louisa was delighted with him, and before he had risen from the table, he had made a willing captive of her heart. Mrs. Smith sat looking on admiringly.

How cautious should mothers in lowly life be what company they allow their daughters to keep. In their blindness and anxiety to obtain an eligible match for them, they do not pause to reflect or ascertain the character of the man ; if he has wealth, it is all-sufficient ; for, from the cradle to the altar, wedlock is the aim of girls ; they dwell upon it by day and dream upon it by night ; they think that when that desired object is accomplished, they have fulfilled their destinies, and rush on headlong towards its consummation, without one thought beyond it.

Mrs. Smith sat looking on : future visions of grandeur arose before her eyes ; she thought they were formed for each other, for a finer looking couple could be rarely met with. She was aroused from these ideas, by Seten rising to depart ; and after being pressed, by both mother and daughter, to renew his visit, he wended his way homeward, thanking his lucky stars for guiding him into the presence of such a lovely girl.

The mother of Louisa was one of those kind-hearted, simple-minded women, who can be found occasionally in the lower walks of life ; she was ever ready to render aid to any one stricken down by disease ; were a neighbour sick, Mrs. Smith was the first called upon ; she never failed to obey the summons readily, and when busied around the couch of an invalid, she was in her glory ; she even made it her boast, that she was never so happy as when making herself useful. Different from most poor people, she had a great respect for the wealthy ; and if by chance she was addressed or noticed by any one belonging to the higher circles, she would speak of the circumstance for a month afterwards.

Her husband died a few years previous, leaving her, as most working men leave their widows—destitute, depending wholly upon their own exertions for a subsistence ; but in those days an industrious female could manage to support herself respectably by her own labor. The inventive genius of man had not at this early period brought before the public those machines, whereby the aged female and the working girl, depending entirely upon their needle, are in many instances deprived of their scanty, hard-earned pittance.

With such a weak-minded mother, it was not strange that the education of Louisa Smith had been much neglected ; flattered by those around her, by whom she was often complimented for her beauty, she had imbibed foolish ideas, which were not discouraged by her mother, who often told her she was destined to flourish in fashionable life.

When Seten had left the house, Mrs. Smith, looking at her daughter, observed,

" I knew, Louisa, you were born under a lucky star. Only see what a nice beau you have got. For the first time since your father's death, I dreamed of him last night ; and to dream of a deceased husband, never fails to bring some good fortune to the dreamer."

Louisa muttered some unintelligible words, and then pleading fatigue, they soon retired to rest. The mother to dream of riches, dispensed freely, as if by some fairy hand ; the daughter, to dwell upon the thought of her new-found lover.

For some time she tossed restlessly upon her pillow ; at length, falling into a gentle slumber, she dreamed that she was walking with Seten in a sequestered grove. Nature had been bountiful, dispensing with a lavish hand flowers of every description ; the air was musical with the songs of the feathered choristers ; a lake of pure crystal water flowed at their feet, wherein they beheld the sports of the finny tribe as they darted hither and thither in the transparent stream ; upon the surrounding hills could be seen the gentle lambkins as they playfully gambolled to and fro ; night was drawing on apace, and the setting sun shed a flood of golden light over the scene, tinging everything with a mellow hue. It was a lovely and retired nook, where lovers could unobserved hold sweet converse, free from the rude gaze of the world. He had declared his love for her, and she leaned languidly upon his arm, nearly overpowered with blissful emotions, when he playfully snatched a rose from her hand. She endeavored to regain it : in the struggle, it fell to the ground ; stooping hurriedly to pick it up, she beheld with amazement the cloven foot of the Spirit of Darkness ; a loud peal of thunder shook the very earth to its centre ; starting back with affright, she looked up into his face ; but oh ! how altered ; there, with gleaming eyes, filled with hate and revenge, stood Lucifer ; he brandished a fiery dart over her head ; to avoid which, she bent down ; when, to her horror, she perceived that the rose had assumed the form of a fierce serpent, which ever and anon spit its venom upon her, and encircled itself around her slender form. The demon cried in an angry voice, " You have discovered my secret, you must die." The blazing dart entered her fair bosom, and the blood flowed in streams down her white robe.

In the struggle to prevent herself from falling she caught her mother by the arm, who, being aroused from her slumbers, hastily awoke her, at the same time asking what was the matter.

Louisa trembled violently, and clinging to her mother, replied that she had had such a horrible dream.

" Is that all ?" asked her mother. " Why, you silly child, compose yourself. I hope you are not going to let a simple dream annoy and disturb you the whole night ?"

" Oh ! it was so dreadful ; it still clings to me in my waking thoughts so vividly, that I fancy it is reality."

" Pooh, pooh ! go to sleep ; you have awoken me from one of the most delightful dreams imaginable. I thought you were married to that nice young gentleman, and that we removed from this dreary dwelling to a large and splendid mansion in the outskirts of the city. It was night, and in a room, furnished magnificently, I beheld you and your husband seated at the upper end receiving the homage of a vast crowd, who came in throngs to worship at the shrine of beauty ; sweet music floated on the air ; the bright light from numerous chandeliers reflected back a thousand lustrous hues upon the jewelled dresses of the visitors. I stood in a retired part of the room, admiring all I beheld, when I was awakened by you.

As she concluded, sleep again overcame her, and she was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus.

Louisa lay awake for hours, unable to shake off the horrors of her dream; she strove to assure herself that dreams were nothing more nor less than the imaginings of a disturbed and excited mind.

"Poor, simple girl! throw not the warnings from thee which the Great Dispenser has in his mercy sent to save thee from destruction. It is no creation of distorted fancy; it is one of those occurrences which are sometimes permitted when the All-seeing eye of God, in pitying mercy for the innocent victim, deigns to stretch forth a saving hand."

Towards morning she fell into a feverish slumber, from which she was awakened by her mother bidding her rise, as the sun had already risen high in the heavens, proclaiming that the morning was far advanced.

She arose, hastily entered the sitting-room, and apologized to her mother for her late rising. They were soon seated at breakfast, when Louisa was compelled by her mother to relate her dream, and she concluded by saying that she had never been so terrified in her life.

Her mother laughed heartily; bidding her cast off all gloomy thoughts; that she felt assured her dream denoted happiness and prosperity; but at all events she would look up her fortune-telling book, and examine it.

The bright morning sun tended in a great measure to chase from the mind of Louisa the horrors of her last night's vision; but throughout the whole day, while even engaged in her daily occupation, it would intrude upon her mind.

Early in the evening both mother and daughter, after arranging and putting the room in order, seated themselves at the window, anxiously looking into the street, hoping, yet still fearing, that their new acquaintance would not come.

They were not long kept in suspense, for Seten soon appeared at the front door. Mrs. Smith hastened to let him in; and upon entering the little room, Seten approached Louisa, and tenderly inquired after her health.

The fair young creature had risen at his entrance, and as she extended her hand to him, a shudder passed through her frame, and she blushed deeply as their hands came in contact; they then seated themselves upon the small sofa from which she had risen.

Seten, addressing Mrs. Smith, inquired if she had spent the day pleasantly. He was answered in the affirmative, when she drew a chair, and seated herself near him.

During the conversation, Mrs. Smith mentioned the terror experienced by Louisa on waking from her dream; and laughingly concluded that she could not have been more frightened if it had been real.

Seten pressed Louisa to relate it, and being seconded by her mother, she blushing complied with their request.

When she had arrived at the terrific finale, she raised her eyes to those of Seten, who started, and turned pale; but, soon recovering himself, he laughed heartily, and holding up a very small foot, beautifully fitted with a new boot, he exclaimed,

"My dear, that does not much resemble the cloven foot of the Arch-deceiver, nor does this bear much resemblance to what we

would suppose to be a likeness of his Satanic majesty." As he thus spoke, he took from his pocket a miniature, which he presented to Louisa.

The mother and daughter gazed upon it admiringly, when Louisa, unobserved, concealed it in her bosom, near her heart. The evening passed pleasantly away, as did many subsequent ones, for Seten called often, and he made good use of his time.

On a pleasant evening, about three weeks after he became acquainted with the family, he was seated with Louisa upon the sofa : they were alone, for the old lady had gone to church, which she never failed doing, for she attended evening prayer-meetings, as well as the regular service upon the Sabbath.

Seten sat with his arm encircling the slender form of the young girl; he had drawn from her an avowal of her love, and, with her head reclining upon his bosom, her beautiful bust heaving with blissful emotions, and her deep, lustrous blue eyes beaming with love. Oh ! she was happy : what was the outward world to her ? her earthly heaven was complete. She thus remained motionless, fascinated, as it were, by his gaze, as the trembling bird is charmed and lured on to destruction by the gaze of the reptile.

Seten saw and enjoyed his power over his victim, as the hungry tiger revels in the anticipation of his meal with the trembling lamb, crushed beneath his paw ; or the cat playing with the little mouse, permitting it to make vain efforts to escape, knowing that she can devour it at will.

* * * * *

Dear reader, we will draw a veil over the picture of the betrayer and betrayed, with the knowledge that another victim has been sacrificed to the base passion of man.

CHAPTER V.

At the close of the war, when William Manvers returned to New York, he presented himself at the door of Mr. Graham. Upon the announcement of his name, Charlotte rushed to meet him, and falling upon his bosom, he imprinted a holy kiss upon her brow, which assured her that his love was unchanged.

Her father received him coldly : after sitting for some time, he saw that it would be impossible to obtain an interview with her he loved, snatching an opportunity, he hastily informed her that it was his intention to proceed home the following day, as he felt very anxious concerning his parents ; adding, that on account of the unsettled state of the country, he had not heard from them for a long period. He soon after took his departure.

When they were left alone, Mr. Graham, seating himself beside Charlotte, thus addressed her :

"I observed your heightened color, during the stay of young Mauvers ; and a suspicion crossed my mind for a moment, that you had been unguarded enough to allow your heart to be captivated by his fine person ; but I am convinced that I judged wrongfully ; did I not, my daughter ?"

Charlotte reflected for a moment. She had never had a secret unknown to him before, yet she dreaded his anger ; why not meet it now, as well as postpone it to some future period ? She knew and felt that her love was so deeply rooted in her heart, that nothing, save death could ever erase it. Coming to this determination, she fell upon her knees before him, and confessed her passion for Mauvers.

Mr. Graham started to his feet livid with rage.

"Is it so ? fool that I was to permit him to mingle with my family. The base-born churl, to sneak into society, far too elevated for his low-bred mind, and steal the choicest flower from the midst of those who welcomed and trusted him. It is my command that you discard him wholly from your thoughts ; for, with my consent, you never will wed him."

"Dear father, I have never disobeyed your command ; and how it would pain me to do so, no tongue can express ; but to obey your wishes is beyond my control ; my heart is his—true as the magnet to the pole, is my destiny interwoven with his."

Mr. Graham rudely spurned her from him, exclaiming,

"Then you are no longer a daughter of mine : the moment that you plight your faith to him at the altar, that moment there is placed an impassable gulf between an indignant, fond father, and a disobedient, ungrateful child."

He hastily left the apartment ; and Charlotte rising to her feet, proceeded to her chamber, where she wept bitterly. Hearing a rap at the door, she bade the party enter. The door being opened, Jenny Craigie appeared, and requested permission to come in ; which, being granted, the faithful creature fell upon her knees before Charlotte, saying,

"I hope, my leddy, ye'll forgi'e me ; it's no for the likes o' me to be interferin' with that concernin' my betters ; but I would'na be able to sleep soundly, if I thought any harm would come to ye ! At the time when your gude father was talkin' so loudly wi' ye, I observed your cousin standin' agin the door ; list'nin' wi' sich a deevil's grin upon his countenance, that it made me think that he was no true friend to ye ; and when ye came to your room, he bid me tell ye that he wished to speak to ye in private."

Charlotte thanked the kind-hearted Jenny for the interest she took in her welfare ; and bade her tell her cousin that she would see him in her room.

Jenny departed, and in a few moments George Seten entered, and seated himself by Charlotte, with a look betokening deep sympathy.

"Dear coz, I heard your interview with my uncle, and I was anxious to congratulate you upon the moderation with which he received your confession. Should he still persist in his opposition to

your union, he would soon forgive you should you be forced to the only alternative—that of being united clandestinely. I entered the room on your leaving it. My uncle soon returned, and I endeavored to plead in your behalf, but he harshly bade me be silent.”

After some further conversation, in which Charlotte was more guarded than usual in her expressions—Seten departed.

She pondered a long time upon the turn affairs had taken ; it was evident to her that her cousin had some sinister view ; but what she could not tell. She resolved, however, to be guided by the clear judgment of her lover. While she sat thus buried with her own thoughts, she was summoned by one of the domestics, who had been sent for her by her father.

On her appearing before him, he bade her be seated, and addressed her in the following terms :

“ Charlotte, I have sent for you, to see if we cannot settle this difficulty, amicably. You are aware of your cousin's destitute position in regard to worldly matters, and it was my anxious wish for a long time, that you would grow up to love each other, thereby keeping my estates in the family, and thus placing him above dependence ; but it long appeared that being so much together, has had an effect contrary to what I desired ; therefore, I make no opposition to his endeavoring to gain the hand of Miss Temple. I am fast advancing in years, and nothing would make me so happy, as to see you properly settled before my demise ; while revolving these thoughts in my mind a short time since, I received a visit from my former old partner in business, on which he stated to me that nothing would gratify him more than an arrangement to effect an alliance with my family ; stating that his son, Henry Wilson, had declared to him that he had long loved you, and had requested him to apply to me for permission to pay his addresses to you. As you well know, young Wilson is a man highly esteemed by all who know him ; and his family are of the highest standing in society. I, thereupon assured his father, that if such an arrangement could be brought about, it would meet with my approval ; telling him at the same time that I would use my influence with you ; what think you of it, my daughter ?”

“ My dear father, I feel deeply sensible of young Mr. Wilson's kindness in making me the offer of his hand ; but much as I esteem him, I feel assured that I could never love him : should I consent to give him my hand, it would be without my heart. And how, dear father, could I stand before the altar with a lie upon my tongue, pledging myself to love a man for whom I had no tender feeling. Oh ! no, no, I could not do it.”

“ Time, my beloved daughter, may ripen esteem into love,” replied her father ; “ but having clearly stated my views, I wish you to dismiss that fortune-hunter, young Manvers, from your mind. Upon that table,” added he, pointing to the side-table, “ you will find pen, ink, and paper, and it is my command—understand me—it is my command, that you address a note to him, telling him it is my opinion that he is a villain, and that you discard him from your heart.”

“ Never ! father,” answered Charlotte, firmly. “ I never willingly

told a falsehood in my life, nor will I now ; for, should I write as you dictate, it would be false : my destiny is interwoven with his. It is beyond my own control."

"Then take my curse," angrily, cried her father, "and leave my house : this roof shall not shelter you longer."

Charlotte fell upon her knees before him, exclaiming—

"Oh ! father ; dear father, revoke those cruel words."

He rudely pushed her from him, and left the room.

Charlotte sternly arose, the arrow of disobedience rankling in her heart, and hastened to her own apartment, where she hurriedly packed up a few things, and was about to leave the house when she was met in the passage by Jenny and Tommy Craigie.

"Oh ! my dear young leddy, are ye goin' awa' to leave us ? I'm sure I'll na stay in't house a minute after ye're gone."

And Jenny sobbed violently.

Tommy looked up in Miss Graham's face, saying.

"I'll go too ; if I lose my fun with the old madman (alluding to Mr. Graham) ; but I won't give up my tricks on Beelzebub. Oh ! won't I come and tease him sometimes. Won't I, mamma ?"

Miss Graham took Jenny kindly by the hand, and, speaking in a low voice, said—

"My faithful friend, I go to seek a shelter for myself ; this house can no longer be my home ; but it is no reason that you should leave it."

"Oh ! say not so, my leddy. I could na sleep sound i' my bed, if I did na know that ye were comfortable. I wad'na be happy wi'out being wi'ye."

After reflecting for a minute, Miss Graham bade her go into her own room, and get some articles of dress which she described to her, and follow her to the residence of Miss Temple. She then left the house, with a sad heart.

Mr. Graham, on hearing the door close, came into the passage, and inquired of Jenny who had left the house.

"Miss Charlotte, sir," was the reply.

Mr. Graham returned to his sitting-room, and, seating himself, he muttered—

"Well, well, perhaps I have been too severe ; but she'll return again. Yes, yes, she'll return again."

He thought, like too many fathers, who have become advanced in age, and the bright visions of youth have passed away, that his daughter was wrong, and that her love was but an idle passion, that time would soon erase from her memory. Oh ! how he misjudged her, who loved so truly, that it would cease only with her death.

George Seten was now the acknowledged lover of Elizabeth Temple ; he had gained her heart. Many were his protestations of love to her, but he did not love her truly ; worldly aggrandizement was his aim, for, by wedding her, he would become possessed of a vast fortune. Devoted indeed, was her love for him—it was a portion of her existence—life would be nothing without him ; so well had he cloaked his villainy, beneath the mask of hypocrisy. Their union was only delayed

until she should arrive at the age of eighteen, which she wanted but a few months of attaining.

Seten had still kept up his connection with Louisa, whom he still deluded from day to day with promises of marriage ; offering as an excuse, that should he wed her, and it come to the knowledge of his father, it would cause a rupture ; perhaps he would be cut off with a shilling, and then they would be destined to lead a life of poverty and privation ; it was more for her sake than his own, he would sometimes say ; and what misery would it not be to him to see one whom he loved suffering, without his having the means of relieving her wants.

Louisa had become the mother of a boy ; and, strange to say, Seten loved the child with the tender affection of a parent. Many an hour did he while away, with little Frank seated upon his knee, listening to his infant prattle.

Mrs. Smith had been dead some months ; her daughter's situation, through her intimacy with Seten, come upon her like a thunder-stroke. She accused herself as the cause, and her mind—never very strong—gave way beneath the blow ; her reason tottered, and she would rave for hours against herself, her daughter, and her lover. It became necessary to have her removed to the asylum set apart for lunatics, where she soon ended her days.

Seten would have long since rid himself of Louisa, had it not been for his child, with whom he was loath to part.

He was seated with Miss Temple, when Charlotte arrived at the house of that lady. She was welcomed by her, to whom she related her situation, and the stern and cruel commands of her father.

Seten remarked that his uncle was very hasty ; but his passions seldom lasted long ; and he had no doubt that, upon reflection, he would send for her.

Miss Temple placed two rooms at the disposal of Charlotte, for the accommodation of herself and her attendant, Jenny, who soon arrived, when her mistress bade her follow her to her apartment.

Seten being again left alone with Elizabeth, he made it appear to that young lady that he sympathized with his cousin, and blamed his uncle for his harshness towards her, saying it was cruel to order her from the house. At the same time he was inwardly resolving that she should never enter it again.

It was with a beating heart that William Manvers sprang from the wagon into the road, when it stopped in front of the gate which led to the house of his father. He did not pause to open it ; but lightly leaped over it, and hastening up the lane, he soon arrived in front of the house ; to his surprise he found it closed, as were the windows also, which gave a gloomy appearance to everything that met his view ; gazing around he observed an air of neglect ; articles were strewed about upon the ground, giving to the whole scene a look of disorder.

His heart beat quick with apprehension, as he made a circuit of the building ; a dark foreboding came across his mind. Where was his father, his mother, whom he expected would meet him with open arms.

Looking anxiously around, he observed a stranger advancing towards him, who rudely addressed him in the following manner :

"Hello ! Mister, what are you adoin'g there ?"

William answered him by asking in an agitated voice, where Mr. Manvers was ?

"You must be a stranger about these parts," replied the man.

"I have been long absent, and have but just returned," hurriedly answered William.

"Where have you been—to the wars ?"

"I have."

"Then, mayhap, you have heard something about young Manvers ? that is, if he is dead or alive ?"

"I am he ! For the love of God, keep me no longer in suspense. Where are my father and mother ?"

"They are both dead," the man abruptly replied.

William heard no more : he staggered to a tree, which he leaned against for support, and gave way to his overcharged feelings.

When he was somewhat recovered, the man informed him that Mr. Allen, the minister, would give him what information he required, as the elder Mr. Manvers had left his affairs to be settled by that gentleman.

William thanked the man for the intelligence he had received. And, taking one sad look at the grounds where he had spent so many happy days, slowly turned his footsteps towards the parsonage.

Upon his arrival, Mr. Allen received him at the door, and welcomed him with a silent pressure of the hand, and led him into the small, neat sitting-room, where he requested him to be seated.

William had always been an especial favorite with the good Domine, who felt all that a sympathising heart could feel for the bereavement of his young friend.

After a few moments' silence, he thus addressed him.

"You have been over to the house ?"

William nodded assent.

"Then you have, no doubt, heard of your loss. My young friend, remember it was the will of Him who rules above, to take them from this world of sin and sorrow, which we must all leave sooner or later ; we should not repine, but rather ask for strength and resignation, to bear up under the affliction, from that source from whence it alone can be received. And, falling upon his knees, that good man prayed long and impressively to the Great Dispenser of all good.

He then related to William that a rumor had reached the village that he had been slain, which being suddenly told to his mother, affected her to that degree, that she survived the news but one week. His father, also, added the good Pastor, drooped and pined away ; and, two months from the day on which he followed her to the grave, he was himself carried to that bourne from whence none return.

"The day preceding his death, however," observed the Pastor, "he called me to his bed-side, and gave me his last request, in the following words :

"Should my brave boy be alive, and return to his native place, tell him I am proud of him ; and that I have heard of his gallant deeds in defence of his country's independence ; tell him not to mourn for his

father and mother ; that we were old, and had lived the time allotted to us ; assure him that we died trusting in the blessed hopes held out by the Redeemer to a sinful world ; and tell him that it is my earnest prayer that he will live such a life that he will not fear death. And should he never return, you will find by my will that I have made you my heir."

Mr. Allen concluded by asking William what his intentions were as to the future.

William replied, that his absence with the army had interrupted his studies to that degree, that he had no hope of recovering the time so lost. Consequently, he felt himself compelled to give up his original design, and seek some other way to pass through life. "For," said he, "I can never enter on the sacred duties of the Church as Pastor, without first feeling myself competent to fill that holy office conscientiously."

Mr. Allen then inquired if he intended still to remain in the army.

"No, sir. As it has pleased Providence to restore peace once more to my native land, and as the life of a soldier is distasteful to one of my habits, I have resigned my commission until my country, in some future struggle, shall need my aid."

His aged friend next asked him if he had placed his mind upon any occupation which he was desirous of pursuing.

William replied that he had not as yet arrived at any conclusion. But, at all events, ignorance of the duties appertaining to agriculture, placed the idea of his following the life of a farmer out of the question.

"Should it not be trespassing too much upon your kindness, my dear sir, you would do me a great favor if you would dispose of the property left by my father, to the best advantage."

Mr. Allen readily assented ; and added, should the inclination lead him to choose a mercantile life, he had an old friend of the name of Stringham, in New York, who was a merchant, doing an extensive business, to whom he would give him a letter of introduction, which would, he had no doubt, be of service to him.

William thanked Mr. Allen for his kindness ; and rising, observed that he had a desire to take a ramble through the fields, and view some of the places which had delighted his boyhood days, and which would give his friend an opportunity to prepare the letter ; and obtaining the key of his home, he departed.

On leaving the parsonage, Manvers slowly took his way towards the Old House that had given shelter to his infant years : arriving at the door, he opened it and entered. As he went from room to room, viewing the well-known objects, a sigh escaped from him, and he felt a sensation of suffocation so powerful, as the past rose to his memory, that he hastily left the house to gain the open air.

Immediately behind the house stood a gentle eminence, from which a view of the surrounding woods could be obtained. William ascended the top, where, seating himself beneath a tree, he gave way to his melancholy thoughts ; it was there, on the very day he departed from home, that his mother had sat beside him, conversing with him, and anxiously informing him of the snares and vices of the city ; and on that spot she had won a promise from him that he would use every

exertion to avoid them ; as those thoughts arose to his memory, he was resolved still to continue to obey her gentle wishes, and strive to follow her advice ; and a tear sprang from his eye and flowed down his cheek, as the thought arose in his mind that he was the last of his race. No father—no mother—no kindred—how lonely he felt : a dark foreboding of the future arose before him, and he inwardly prayed to the Eternal Ruler of the Universe, that whatsoever trials were placed before him, he might have strength to bear them.

He arose, and as the sun was fast sinking in the west, he hastened his steps, and arrived at the parsonage just as Mr. Allen was about to go forth in search of him.

William remained at the house of his old friend until the following morning, when, on taking his leave, Mr Allen presented him with a letter to Mr. Stringham, adding these few parting words :

"Give that to the gentleman to whom it is addressed, and tell him, that if the friendship professed by him for John Allen, his old class-mate in early days was not empty words, he will not refuse to comply with the request mentioned in that letter. And, my young friend," continued the good old man, as he wiped away a tear that had risen to his eye, "should the world frown upon your efforts, remember that you have a friend while I live."

William, whose heart was too full of emotion to reply by words, pressed the hand of Mr. Allen, jumped into the wagon that was to convey him from his peaceful abode, and was soon on his way to New York.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. GRAHAM was very much annoyed at what he termed the obstinacy of Charlotte ; day after day did he expect to see her return to her home, while his pride and anger deterred him from sending for her. He had been informed by Seten of her whereabouts, who endeavored to keep up the excited feelings of his uncle, by every means in his power.

As they were seated one evening at their usual game of chess, Mr. Graham appeared nervous, and irritated to a great degree ; he frequently applied himself to a bottle which stood upon the table, from which he took large draughts.

It was with a look of satisfaction that George Seten beheld his companion take drink after drink, which evidently began to take effect upon him, as he was not particularly addicted to it.

Mr. Graham suddenly paused in the game, and said : "Did you see Charlotte last evening?"

"I did, sir," was the reply.

"Said she anything concerning any intention of returning to her home?"

"She did not, sir ; but young Manvers frequently calls. He was

there yesterday. What would my uncle say, should my fair cousin be united to her lover against his command?"

"Say," replied Mr. Graham, with an angry voice. "Why, I'd forbid the bans, she is not of age."

"You could not do that, my dear sir; for, remember you drove her from the protection of your roof, thereby cancelling the obligation of a parent."

Upon the fact thus being pointed out to him, Mr. Graham raved with passion, and clenching his hand upon the back of a chair, he hurled it across the room, muttering "Curse him, curse him," and fell back upon the floor.

All was bustle and confusion. Seten ordered the domestics to lay him upon a sofa in the back room. A physician was sent for, who, on arriving, informed them, that the disorder of his patient was an attack of the heart-disease, aggravated by violent passions, which, if not avoided, continued the doctor, will most assuredly prove fatal.

After administering an anodyne, he took his departure, saying, "I will look in in the morning; but I think he will be around before that."

Seten sat with his uncle through the night, and was very assiduous in his attentions, which being observed by Mr. Graham, he with a grateful look remarked, that "He hoped Seten would not desert him in his old age, as his ungrateful daughter had done."

On the following day Mr. Graham was able to assume his place at dinner, but he was required to keep himself very quiet.

It was evening, in a brilliantly lighted apartment, in the house of Miss Temple were assembled some half-dozen persons, consisting of Miss Temple and her mother, William Manvers, Charlotte, George Seten, and a female cousin of Miss Temple's. A look of expectant anxiety rested on every countenance.

"I have a fearful foreboding," remarked Charlotte, "that I am doing wrong, in wedding without the consent of my dear father," and she looked at Mrs. Temple as if for advice.

That good lady took her tenderly by the hand, "take courage, my dear, by this step, you will rid yourself of a great deal of unnecessary persecution; and when your father finds that you are irrevocably married, he will soon forgive, and welcome you home again."

"I trust it will be so," murmured Charlotte, and she turned to Manvers, and placing her hands in his, "Guide me, dear William, guide me aright. I place my destiny in your hands."

"Dear Charlotte, I am of the same opinion as Mrs. Temple, I have no selfish motives. 'Tis not fortune, but your love alone, I crave; let those that worship the yellow dross seek it; I look for happiness alone. Happiness and gold are not always companions. I would not influence you for worlds, to take this step, dearly as I love you, lest at some future time you would upbraid me."

"Come, come, my dearest cousin, don't be too fastidious," jocularly remarked Seten, we all know that you, young ladies, are most anxious to get married, yet it takes more time to bring it round than it does

to found and build an empire. You must not have any more objections, but will join with me, in wishing that the minister may come, for I long to get a bridal kiss.

This speech from her cousin, drew a general laugh, and the conversation took a livelier turn; jokes were passed to and fro, with much spirit, so by the time the worthy divine arrived, Charlotte had become more at ease.

Upon his entrance, he was introduced to Manvers, who was a stranger to him. When quiet was restored, the holy man proceeded with the ceremony, and William Manvers and Charlotte Graham, were made one, by the holy bonds of matrimony.

It was with a smiling countenance that George Seten greeted the bride and bridegroom; but his heart beat with joy, at the successful realization of all his wishes.

On the following day, he was seated with Mr. Graham, when the latter received a letter, which was handed to him by one of the domestics.

Seten rightly judged from whom it came, and affected to be busily engaged reading a book, which he held in his hand, but at the same time watching the proceedings of his uncle, who had opened and was perusing the note. As his eyes rested upon the first lines, he turned deadly pale, and trembled violently; having read the contents he crumpled the paper in his hand, and threw it in the grate. He arose from his chair, exclaiming, "Forgive her, never!" and retired to his chamber.

It was night—Mr. Graham lay tossing restlessly upon his bed of sickness, to which he had been confined for several days; he had sent for his lawyer, and had arranged his business with him on the day preceding the night we speak of; it was after he was left alone, for Mr. Graham was much alone; that he began to reflect—had he not been too hasty, and as 'thought succeeded thought, his family pride rose to his view. What was the family pride compared to happiness? Did not the peer lay as low as the peasant after death? What were titles and grandeur when consigned to the tomb? He knew that his daughter loved him dearly, and would not willingly disobey him; he came to the conclusion, that he had been cruel and unnatural. Instead of alone, the fair form of his child would have been flitting around his sick couch, ministering to his wants. With these thoughts passing through his brain, he was in the act of summoning a domestic, for the purpose of sending for Charlotte, when George Seten entered, and took a seat near the couch.

"My dear nephew, do you not think that I have been too severe with my child?"

Seten looked surprised.

"I have come to the determination," added Mr. Graham, "to send for her, that I may forgive her and press her to my heart once more." Seten saw that at one blow all his long-cherished dreams would be frustrated; now was the time for him to act, and, should occasion require it, desperately.

As Mr. Graham was in the act of laying hold of the bell-rope, which hung above his head, his hand was seized by Seten, who cried, "What mean you, uncle?"

"To have my daughter sent for," faintly replied Mr. Graham.

"Never!" vociferated Seten, who rudely forced the old man back upon the pillow, at the same time placing his hand over his mouth, to prevent his crying out. At this moment they were startled by a cry, so unearthly in its sound, that the villain started and trembled, and looked towards the window (which was one of those long-sashed windows, extending to the floor, serving as a door). Seten could see nothing, as the curtain was closely drawn, and turning again to his victim, he beheld only the glazed eye and the rigid muscles of the face.

Mr. Graham was a corpse. He had learnt the secret, to attain the knowledge of which, man must pass to eternity.

When Seten was made aware of the fact, he hastily proceeded to the window, and looked out, but nothing meeting his view, he returned to the bed again, and adjusting the bed-clothing, took a handkerchief from his pocket, after putting which to his eyes, he rang the bell.

On the appearance of the servant, he pointed to the bed and retired from the room.

So violent was the shock that Charlotte received upon hearing of the death of her father, that she never entirely recovered from it. Had she been near him to smoothe his pillow, and wipe the damp, chilly moisture of death from his pallid brow, she would have been more reconciled. To die without giving her his blessing and forgiveness, perhaps, with a curse upon his lip for her disobedience, was more than she could bear.

She so far recovered as to be able to attend the funeral, where Seten and herself appeared as chief mourners.

Her friend, Miss Temple, sympathized with her, and tried to cheer her by every means in her power.

A few days after the death of Mr. Graham, there were assembled in the mansion of the deceased, George Seten, Charlotte Manvers and her husband, the lawyer and witness—it was for the purpose of opening the will.

After the usual preliminaries, the lawyer proceeded to open and read the last will and testament of the deceased Robert Graham, Esq., in which it was stated, that in consequence of the disobedience of his only child, Charlotte Manvers, in marrying against his will, he had come to the determination to cut her off with a shilling, and declare the only son of his deceased sister, George Seten, his sole heir.

Manvers and his wife heard the decree in silence. It was not the lost fortune that grieved them; had they but received the forgiveness of Charlotte's father, they would have been content at the conclusion of the business that had drawn them together; they arose to depart: Charlotte's eyes filled with tears, as she cast a glance around the room, which she was about to leave for ever, as the thought arose to her memory, how many happy days she had spent there with her dear parent. The schemer was alone—the possessor of a princely fortune—was he contented—was he happy? no! there was an apparent restlessness pervading every motion—a guilty consciousness of having done

wrong, which it was impossible to drive from his mind. He endeavored to justify himself in his own opinion, by the following reasonings—that the world was generally selfish, each striving to outdo his neighbor; why not he then follow the same example; it was the motto of the world to lie and cheat, put on the mask of hypocrisy and inwardly say, that charity begins at home; why should he not join in and play the game of life with interest? Such was the man, who was about to become the husband of a young and virtuous girl. What a contrast was there between innocence and vice, pureness of sentiment and deformity of soul.

William Manver's had presented himself to Mr. Stringham, who on reading the letter from his old schoolmate, received the young man kindly, and made many inquiries after the friend of his boyish days.

During the conversation Mr. Stringham informed William that if he had an inclination to enter into mercantile business, his second clerk had just left to go into business on his own account, which situation was at his disposal. Manvers gladly accepted it, and rented a small convenient dwelling, into which he soon after removed.

One afternoon, 'twas in the latter part of August, upon one of the seats which was shadowed by a large tree upon the Battery, was seated Louisa Smith, gazing out upon the water, and enjoying the cool breeze. Little Frank was playing near her in the grass. As she sat buried in thought, she was aroused by hearing her child crying papa; she turned her face in the direction from whence she heard the voice, and beheld George Seten coming towards her in company with a young lady, who was leaning upon his arm; little Frank was clinging to Seten's hand crying, "Papa, papa."

"I am not your papa, pretty boy," was the reply of Seten; and shaking the child off, they passed on.

Louisa observed that the lady was very beautiful. For the first time in her life, she keenly felt her position. She heard her child disowned by its father—that father who had so often sworn to do her justice—whom she had never doubted. A dark suspicion took possession of her mind, and watching them until they left the grounds, she followed them until she saw them enter a large dwelling in Whitehall street; ascertaining the name of the young lady, and that she resided there, from a domestic, whom she saw come from the house as they entered, she hastened home.

On Seten entering his house, a note was handed to him, which he hastily tore open: 'twas from Louisa: the writing gave evident signs that it was written in haste, and that the writer was much agitated; it breathed the fondest protestation of love, and concluded by saying,

"Haste, dear Charles! haste upon the wings of love. I die with impatience.
Yours,
LOUISA."

Seten foreboded trouble, and seating himself, he commenced ruminating within himself the best method to rid himself of her, as his union with Miss Temple was about to take place. Rising and opening a drawer, he took from thence a bank check and left the house.

Louisa sat anxiously awaiting him, dressed in a loose robe of white. Little Frank was seated at her feet. As her gaze rested upon him, a tear fell upon her cheek; as she recalled to memory the words that Seten uttered when denying his child—her child, that she loved so intensely. She turned deadly pale, and gasped for breath, as it recurred to her, that he was dealing falsely with her. She endeavored to drive those thoughts from her mind, and she muttered, "No, no! he could not be so base; is he not the father of my child, and is he not about to become the father of another? No, no! he loves me too well, to deceive me." In the midst of these thoughts, she heard his well-known step upon the stairs. She arose as he entered, and threw herself upon his bosom, sobbing.

Seten quietly placed her upon a chair, and taking a seat beside her, inquired the cause of her agitation.

"Charles, dear Charles, a dark suspicion has taken possession of my mind, that you are deceiving me. Why, oh! why did you deny your boy—your own little Frank, to your companion, in my hearing? Why not make some other reply? Oh! that the time would come, when you could take me by the hand, and acknowledge me to the world as your wife."

Observing the abstracted air of Seten, she quickly asked him what ailed him.

He coldly replied, "Nothing extraordinary."

"Do you not love me longer, dear Charles. Pray, tell me! No, no, do not undeceive me; rather kill me." And gazing into his eyes, with a look so full of love, so trusting, she exclaimed, "tell me, I am foolish, Charles, my own Charles, and that my fears are without cause."

Seten took her by the hand, and addressed her as follows:

"My dear Louisa, fate wills that we must part. What I am about to relate, I have kept a secret from you, lest it would wound your feelings, hoping that all would be well. My father compels me to marry the young lady you saw in my company to-day. I have long withstood his commands. This morning he sent for me into his library. Upon my entrance, he pointed to a piece of parchment which lay upon the table, and harshly speaking, he said, 'Do you see that, Boy?'"

"I answered in the affirmative."

"Open it, and look at it."

"I did as I was desired. It was a will, drawn and prepared for signing, in favor of a cousin, who is my next nearest male relative. My father continued:

"I have sent for you, to receive your final determination in regard to my wishes. Should you comply, you will show your good sense; if to the contrary, in one hour that will is signed, and you are disinherited."

"You may be sure I was greatly perplexed, and knew not what to answer. I rapidly thought of our love. On the one hand was poverty, accompanied with love; on the other, opulence and indifference. Pondering for a few moments upon both, I came to the con-

clusion that my Louisa loved me too well to see me drag out a life of penury. With this idea, I consented to the proposals of my father. Well knowing, by so doing, it would be in my power to provide handsomely for my Louisa."

At these words, he placed the bank check in the hand of Louisa, and continued speaking :

"I have settled an amount equal to that upon you, yearly, which will be sufficient to insure you from want. Did I not do right, my dear?"

And he leaned towards her to kiss her ; but she raised her hand, and put him from her.

Louisa had sat motionless, and listened to Seten, as he went on informing her what had taken place ; but gradually, as he spoke, a change came over her. She saw through his duplicity, and long before he had concluded, she had become from the confiding, trusting girl, an injured, revengeful woman. Rising and confronting him with flashing eyes, she said,

"Charles Grafton, you are a villain ; having used me for your purpose, until becoming tired of me, like a child's toy, that has been kept too long, you would cast me off, for the sake of another, for the reason that that other is born wealthy ; not a poor seamstress ; and you would barter gold for my love ! such love as mine ! I would have sacrificed my soul's salvation to have guarded you from the slightest harm. Take back your money ;" and she threw the cheque into his face. "I give you back vengeance in the place of my love, which you have so ruthlessly trampled upon. You will yet have to learn the extent of an injured woman's resentment."

Seten's eyes fell beneath her gaze. The thought flashed through his brain, "Why not rid myself of her at once?"

Louisa had taken the boy into her arms, and had retired to the farthest part of the room. Seten advanced to her, and forcibly tore the child from her ; she endeavored to retain it ; in the struggle, little Frank fell to the floor. While stooping to regain him, Louisa heard a noise resembling the snap of a spring-catch. She arose hurriedly, just in time to avoid a blow aimed at her by Seten, with a dirk pistol (which was so formed that by the touching of a spring the dirk would recede into a sheath concealed from view). Hence, the noise heard by her. The child was now clinging to her dress and screaming. Seten again advanced upon her, and as he was in the act of burying the blade in her bosom, she threw his hand up, and striking the pistol from his hand ; it fell to the floor. As quick as thought she sprang and seized it, and presented it at Seten, while she gained the door, which she opened. She knew that it would be impossible to get her child, whom Seten had taken by the arms and held before him to cover himself from the shot, should Louisa fire.

With the pistol still pointed, Louisa exclaimed, "To shoot you, I risk the life of my child ; but beware of my vengeance, think not to escape it. It will come."

With these words, she flew rather than ran down the stairs into the street.

Seten hastened after her with the child, but when he had gained the pavement in front of the house, he could see nothing of her. He took the child, and hastily walked in the direction of his own dwelling.

Louisa hastened on towards the lower part of the city, which direction she had taken, occasionally looking back, to see if she was pursued. Her dream recurred to her memory, and she trembled as the truth flashed to her mind, how nearly it had been verified—Pausing to recover breath, she looked around to see where she was. Judge of her surprise, when she found that she had stopped in front of the dwelling of Mrs. Temple. She felt that she had been guided by some unseen hand to that house, to warn the fair young creature, who she had seen in the company of Seten, of his villainy.

With these thoughts, she sprang up the steps, and hastily rang the bell; the domestic who came to the door, started back at the wild appearance of Louisa, who breathlessly exclaimed,

“The young lady, Miss Temple, I wish to see her immediately.”

Miss Temple was seated in the front parlour, and overheard the hurried demand to see herself, she immediately hastened to the door; upon beholding Louisa she kindly invited her in. But the agitated girl refused, saying that she could not do so, at the same time looking along the street, in the darkening distance, dreading pursuit. “Your business with me Miss,” asked Elizabeth Temple.

Louisa vehemently exclaimed, “The young man, I saw you with to-day, upon the battery, beware of him. He is a villain, a base deceiver. Behold in myself the fruit of his villainy; a wretched out-cast from society, whom he has made his victim, and would basely desert.” Hearing a noise up the street, she said no more nor waited for a reply, but swiftly darting from the steps, she was quickly out of sight.

When Miss Temple was left alone, she felt her head grow dizzy, and giving a faint scream, she would have fallen to the floor, had it not been for her mother, who, overhearing the loud voice of Louisa, came into the passage in time to catch her fainting daughter in her arms; calling for assistance she had Elizabeth conveyed to her own room, where she watched over her with the greatest solicitude.

CHAPTER VII.

WE will now pass over a space of intervening years. In the year of 1835—the time when we again introduce William Manvers to our readers—he is no longer the upright proud young man, walking with an elastic and buoyant step, and showing that daring impress upon his broad and noble forehead, which too plainly told the beholder that he was willing to grapple with the world, in the contest of the battle of life. A change had come over him. He was a widower, he had a long time buried his wife, who died in giving birth to her first born.

Manvers had entered the establishment of Messrs. Stringham and Co., under the most favourable auspices. He had received the amount for

which his old friend Mr. Allen had sold the property left him by his father, and had placed it in bank at interest, with every prospect of happiness before him he had started in life, to be made doubly miserable by the loss of that which made existence desirable—his wife. He deeply mourned her loss. His grief was of that kind which does not show itself to the eye, it was hidden within the inmost recesses of the heart. He was an altered man ; whatever he had been in the habit of doing was always done with energy ; now all was done mechanically, like a man that walked in a dream. He would sit for hours of an evening with his daughter upon his knee, gazing into her face, and picturing there the features of her he had lost.

Our old friend Jenny Craigie, had clung faithfully to the fortunes of her young mistress, and at her death she had taken the full responsibility and guidance of the household affairs. No mother could be a more tender nurse than Jenny was to the fragile infant, that had come under her charge.

Tommy was delighted with it, and never was so well pleased as when his mother would allow him to take it upon his knee, and chirp to it, and call it the bird of paradise ; he would often say to his mother with a mournful look, while a tear would rise into his eye, that his angel had gone to heaven (meaning Charlotte) ; then with a brightening countenance he would say, “she was too good to take all away, that she had left a little angel behind her to cheer them.”

Mr. Stringham sympathized with Manvers, and tried by every means in his power to raise his drooping spirits, but in vain ; he employed another clerk to make up for the inactivity of William, who thus went on for years until he began to feel some trouble from the effects of his wound which he had received in his country's service ; in time it wholly prevented him from attending to any business, when he was compelled to draw upon his patrimony, which at the time we re-introduce him to our readers, was all expended, principal and interest. He an invalid, showing every sign of a premature old age, brought on by heartfelt trouble.

He had attended to the education of his daughter himself ; amongst other accomplishments, he had taught her drawing and landscape painting, which she now turned to good account, for she found ready sale for her pictures in most of the print shops, thus mainly contributing the support of the family.

Mary Manvers had grown up the exact counter part of her mother ; beloved by all who knew her, especially the poor of her neighbourhood, who were indebted to her for many acts of kindness rendered by her to them in sickness.

She was rather above the middle stature, which when walking gave her an air of majesty, yet so fairy like were her movements, that were it not for her rounded form just budding forth into womanhood, she would have been taken for a child of twelve years of age. She was beautiful in the extreme, and few persons gazed upon that fair young creature without admiration. Such was Mary Manvers, at the time we bring her before the reader. The family of Mr. Manvers, at the time we speak of were residing in Eldridge Street, where we will leave them

for the present, while we endeavour to trace out and see what has become of the rest of our characters.

When Louisa Smith hastened from the steps of Mrs. Temple, she turned the first corner, and taking an uptown or northerly direction, she ran on until she had placed a considerable distance between herself and the place whence she started ; when finding herself growing sick and faint, she stopped in front of a moderate-sized dwelling, when timidly ringing the bell she stood awaiting an answer ; to prevent herself from falling, she grasped the iron railing of the steps, and stood thus, when a pert overdressed young lady opened the door, and with an affected toss of the head, she inquired what was wanted.

"For the love of God, give me a shelter, I am weary and sick ; all that I crave is a place to lie down upon, to enable me to regain my strength, to proceed on my way. Oh, grant me but that request, and may all the blessings that heaven has to bestow, fall to your share."

With another toss of the head, as she closed the door in her face, she exclaimed, "be off about your business, I guess you are no better than you ought to be."

That young lady, dear reader, was a devout member of the church. Where was her Christian charity ? She did not imitate the teachings of Jesus. The poor girl descended from the steps, and tottered on for a few paces, when finding herself sinking to the sidewalk, she, with a great effort, reached a door-step, where she fell fainting.

She had not long remained there insensible, when one of the inmates coming to the door, she was kindly taken in and cared for.

Elizabeth Temple never recovered from the shock she had received from the sudden communication of Louisa. She had loved with her whole soul, and to find that love misplaced, bestowed upon an object unworthy of it, was more than her woman's heart could bear up against. She locked her secret in her own breast, not even disclosing it to her mother ; and as she daily sank, and the rose faded from her cheek, she inwardly prayed that God would take her to Himself. She had no desire to live. She was attended by several medical men, who differed considerably as to the nature of her disease. When all had been dismissed but the regular family physician, he, with a grave face, pronounced her malady consumption, for which he administered the usual remedies, but all his skill was of no avail ; she died of a broken heart, and was regretted by all who knew her.

When George Seten had parted from Louisa, and arrived at his own dwelling, he placed the child in the care of a domestic, telling her at the same time, to take the best of care of him, and see that he did not want for anything. He again issued into the streets, which he traversed for a considerable length of time, in hopes of meeting with the fugitive girl.

At length he became tired, and gave up the useless search and returned home. On the following morning he proceeded to the house of his affianced bride. On his appearing at the door, he was informed that Miss Temple was unwell, so much so, as to be unable to be seen. He requested the servant to inform her that he was at the door, and if it was not asking too much, he would feel indebted to her, if she would permit him to see her for a moment.

The servant did as desired, and returned (after keeping him impatiently waiting for a long time) with a note, which she placed in his hand, which he opened and read, when he immediately departed. The note contained the following words—

“I have discovered your baseness. All intercourse must cease between us, from this moment.
“ELIZABETH.”

As he walked along, he crushed the note convulsively in his clenched hand, grinding his teeth with rage, as the conviction settled itself in his mind, that Louisa had been there and informed Miss Temple of his connection with her. He felt debased, as he thought that he had been turned off as one unworthy, and he well knew that inquiry would be busy, as to the occasion of a rupture between them. He suddenly formed the idea to go and travel. He then arranged his business, and having secured a passage for Europe in one of the packets, he departed, taking little Frank with him.

He had remained abroad for many years, residing in different countries ; dwelling for a long time in Paris, for the sole purpose of having the education of his son attended to. That youth, growing up in that gay city of frivolity and fashion, had acquired the knowledge of, and become versed in most of its vices.

About the time that we have now reached in our tale, Seten had returned to his native city, where, finding most of his former associates dead, or scattered abroad upon the face of the earth, each working out his own future, Seten felt himself a comparative stranger, and time hanging heavy upon his hands, he looked around for something to employ his mind.

Speculation was rife at the period of which we are writing, and he engaged in it. He commenced buying large plots of ground in the upper part of the city, upon which he soon erected several princely mansions. One, more superb than the rest, he had built to suit his own taste, to which he intended shortly to remove his establishment.

As he was walking through one of the by-streets, where he had been to look at a lot, that he was about to purchase, he was startled by a yell, which struck terror to his soul—a yell similar to that uttered upon that night, years gone by, when he grasped his dying uncle by the throat, and threw him back upon the bed from which he never rose.

Busy scenes in foreign lands had nearly obliterated it from his memory ; it was but the sleeping of conscience reposing in fancied security, ready to be awakened at any time with redoubled force, at the most trivial circumstance. He quickened his pace, as if to avoid some pursuing demon. His former acts arose to his mind with full force. The scheming villainy which he had used to blind his kind, old uncle, and turn the fond father's heart against his only child, and causing Charlotte's death ; which he thought was probably occasioned by a broken heart. This train of thought brought him to think on Manvers, whom he had inquired concerning, and learned his exact position. The

idea took possession of his mind, that if the cry that had so alarmed him, proceeded from a living witness to his act to Mr. Graham, he, himself was liable at any time to be arrested, or at least, it would lead to the loss of that fortune, which he held so unjustly.

To obviate this, could he but effect a union between the families, by uniting his adopted son (as he had given out to the world upon his return that that was the relation in which Frank stood to him), to the daughter of Mr. Manvers, he felt that he would be secure.

Full of these thoughts, he set himself to work to come to the knowledge of the residence of Mary's father. A few days after the occurrence that we have mentioned, George Seten appeared at the door in Eldridge street ; upon announcing his name, he was requested to walk into the little parlor in which William Manvers was seated, but so altered, that Seten started back as his eyes fell upon his countenance.

They sat long, and conversed upon former days, the memory of which drew a tear from William's eye, as the remembrance of her he loved so truly arose to his mind, and George Seten's heart smote him, as it recurred to him how deeply he had wronged him.

Before his departure, he mentioned the object of his visit, at the same time adding, "That he had always felt uncomfortable upon the account of the manner that Mr. Graham had disposed of his fortune.

Manvers replied to him in the following manner :

"Upon the introduction of the young people, should they like each other and form an attachment, he had no objection ; but should his daughter's inclinations be opposed to such a union, he would not enforce nor endeavor to control her will upon such a delicate point as that which concerned her own happiness."

Seten replied that he was contented that matters should take their own course in this proceeding, concluding by saying, that he trusted to his boy for winning his way to the good graces of the lady. Before his departure, it was arranged that a meeting should take place between the parties on the third day from that.

While we are waiting for that time to arrive, we will introduce the young man to the reader, who is about to become either the friend or foe of Miss Manvers.

When Frank Seten returned with his father, he was one of those men whose outward form was calculated to gain the affections of the fair sex, but with a base heart capable of the darkest deeds. His habits were dissipated. He had had several altercations with his father, upon the occasion of his coming home intoxicated. Having been bred in Paris, that city of intrigue and licentiousness, he was a confirmed libertine, with every other bad quality supposable in such a person ; proud, vain, and revengeful in the extreme. Let this brief notice suffice for the present ; his diabolical character will show itself too plainly to the reader, as we proceed with our tale. He had upon his arrival in the city, sought out a set of companions congenial to his tastes, with whom he associated.

Among the number was one, whom he selected for his friend, for the very reason, that, if it were possible, he was a more consummate scoundrel than himself.

The name of this person was Henry Courtland. His father had died some years previous, leaving him a handsome fortune, which he was running through with as fast as he could by dissipation and extravagance. His aged mother yet lived to mourn over the wayward habits of her son, for which she shed many a bitter tear.

Upon the day that George Seten called upon Manvers, his son and Henry Courtland were in one of those bar-rooms, situated in the neighborhood of the then standing Park Theatre, which was at that time, a great resort of the young men of the upper classes. They had drank freely, and were rather uproarious, on which occasion the bar-tender was trying to induce them to be quiet.

Frank Seten became offended at some remark which dropped from his lips, and seizing the arm of Harry, he cried,

"Come, Harry, let's be off; I'll be — if I'll patronize a house where its best customers are insulted by an ill-bred lackey."

The bar-tender was about to reply angrily, when the proprietor of the house entered, and upon inquiring into the cause of the discussion, he easily arranged the difficulty by apologizing for his man.

The young men, having become once more in a good humor, called for another drink, and forced the landlord and his bar-tender to join them.

Having drank, they staggered towards the door. On looking towards Broadway, they observed a young lady advancing from that direction, which would cause her to pass within a few feet of them. They observed that she was beautiful, but her habiliments plainly told them that she belonged to that class in society, which the wealthy young men had formed an idea that they could insult with impunity—the working class.

Acting upon this, Harry, upon observing her, turned to Frank, and observed,

"I'll bet you a fifty dollar bill, Frank, you are not game to kiss that pretty girl."

"Done," hiccupped Frank; and placing himself before her, he said, "I presume, Madam, you heard the bet?"

"What bet, sir?"

"That between my friend and me."

The lady, perceiving the situation of him who interrogated her, endeavored to pass them, but she was prevented by Frank, who taking hold of her arm, said,

"By no means, madam; I am not going to lose a fifty dollar bill just for a little squeamishness on the part of a foolish girl. So have my kiss I will; prepare your lips."

As he was in the act of illustrating his words, he received a blow from a powerful hand, which felled him to the earth; and a young man, dressed in the homely garb of a mechanic, placed his arm in that of the girl's, and walked on, leaving Harry to help his discomfited friend out of the gutter, as he best could. When he had obtained an upright position, he inquired of Harry if he thought he could remember the man that knocked him down, so that he might be enabled to demand satisfaction, should he be fortunate enough ever to meet him again.

Harry's reply was, "Certainly, I took a good look at him."

Frank now remarked that, as they were pretty well drunk, they had better walk around for a while in the air, which would sober them.

"Let us go to Mother Lisle's," cried Harry. "Frank, you've never been there; 'tis a splendid house. I'm acquainted there. I've been initiated. She's got a dev'lish pretty daughter."

"Anywhere, so I can sleep for an hour or two, I feel so sick."

The two worthies took their way across the park, and up Broadway, on their way the afore-mentioned house, where we will leave them for the present, and return to the girl and her protector.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the young mechanic, with the girl under his protection, had proceeded, hurriedly, some distance, she tremblingly looked back, and observed to her companion—

"How fortunate, dear Edward, that you came along so opportune."

"How came you in that position?" inquired he.

She related to him the circumstances, adding—

"I am sorry that you gave him that blow."

"It will teach them better than to insult unprotected females in the street," replied he.

Thus they discoursed, as they proceeded on their way homeward. While they are doing so we will take the liberty to inform the reader who this young man is, that came along and did such good service for the young lady.

Edward Fay was the son of a ship-carpenter, who was generally beloved by all that knew him for his nobleness of disposition, kind, generous and obliging. Few asked a favor of him, that was refused, if he had it in his power to grant it. But, among all his good qualities, he had one failing—he was his own enemy. He drank deeply at times.

About three years previous to the time we have introduced his son, who was then an apprentice, and working on the same vessel with his father, the latter, one day, being intoxicated, fell from a scaffolding which was attached to the vessel. His son saw him fall, and hastening down, was horror struck at the sight that met his view. He had the mangled remains of his dead parent removed to his home.

His mother fainted, as his corpse was carried into the house. When becoming conscious of her bereavement, after several successive fits, she observed a young girl kneeling beside her. Her son was seated upon a chair, gazing with a wild look and fevered brain upon some persons who were arranging the disfigured body upon a camp cot, which had been brought to receive it. Not a tear came to his relief, so stunning was the sudden and fatal accident, that it appeared like some horrid dream.

The girl, in her endeavors to console his mother, arrested his attention by her angelic voice, as she spoke comfort to his only parent, who was listening to her with deep attention, as she breathed a prayer to the Most High, who alone can give comfort. As she proceeded, with beautiful and touching language, she more and more engaged the attention of the boy, who, at the conclusion, arose and came and kneeled beside her, exclaiming, "pray on, for surely you are some pure angel sent by divine mercy, to breathe comfort to us in our affliction."

And the fountains of his grief opened, and, laying his head upon his mother's shoulder, he burst into tears, and felt relieved.

The remains of the poor victim were borne to their last resting-place, and the widowed partner of his griefs and joys, gradually faded and drooped. Then it was that this young girl proved herself a friend. Then it was that Edward's heart was full to overflowing with gratitude, as her light form flitted around the sick-bed of his mother, with a countenance expressive of her sympathy, as she wiped the cold, damp moisture from the pale brow of the sufferer, or smoothed the pillow that she might lay easier. 'Twas in the midst of this scene of melancholy duty that those two young persons learned to love. Love! What meaning—what power, there is in that word. 'Twill urge men on to the most daring, heroic deeds—'twill control the fate of nations—'twill drive men on, with maddening impulse, to murder and to self-destruction—'twill struggle with the intellect, and drive reason from its throne. But such love has a tincture of selfishness attached to it. True love is the atmosphere that angels breathe—'tis that halo of sunny brightness that shines upon the soul, and lifts it from the depths of despondency, and permits it to soar in a higher and purer sphere—it is a source of magnetism that draws two hearts together, and moulds two wishes into one, and deposits itself upon the altar of eternal truth, and there remains, through all time, one of the chief attributes of the High and Mighty Ruler of the Universe.

But, to my story. Some two months after the death of Edward's father, just at the close of a beautiful day, those two young people were standing beside the couch, upon which lay the dying form of Mrs. Fay. As they stood eagerly watching the fast-fading eye, and the convulsive efforts to still retain the breath—as if still clinging with a tenacious energy to life—she, with superhuman strength, raised herself to a sitting posture, and seized the hands of Edward and Mary, and clasping them together, fell back upon the pillow lifeless. Edward's eyes met those of her he loved, and there he received an answer to his mother's last wish. He leant his head upon her shoulder, and wept.

Having laid her beside his departed father, time gradually softened his grief, cheered by the smile of Mary Manvers, whose father made him a welcome visitor at his house. He surmised that they loved; but, as they had spoken nothing to him upon the subject, he had remained a silent spectator. Upon their arrival, Mr. Manvers shook Edward warmly by the hand. The reader has, no doubt, identified the young mechanic and the young girl, with Edward Fay and Mary Manvers, who had both agreed to say nothing to her father, concerning the insult she had received, they being unwilling to cause him any

unnecessary agitation. Edward declined the pressing invitation to enter, saying, that he would call in the evening, and took his way to the house where he boarded, which was near at hand.

Reader, we are about to introduce you into the private room of a female. That female is the far-famed Mrs. Lisle, who was so notorious during the period that we write of, amongst the fashionable young men about town. There are two persons in the room—mother and daughter. The former, although advanced in years, was still beautiful, but the frequent use of ardent spirits had begun its work of destruction.

The latter was a lovely girl of eighteen, moulded in beauty's choicest fashion; few surpassed her in loveliness. Many had sought to ingratiate themselves in her good graces, but she had seen none yet who had made the least impression upon her. They were conversing upon some indifferent subject, the daughter looking upon the pages of a book, which she held in her hand, when they were startled by a violent ringing of the door-bell. Mrs. Lisle started to her feet, and hastened to see what was the matter. When she arrived in the hall, she beheld two young men, greatly intoxicated, endeavoring to force their way into the house, contrary to the wishes of the girl, whose duty it was to admit all visitors. One of them she knew, for he had often called. Him she scarcely noticed, but her gaze was riveted upon the countenance of the other. There was something in that look, as it met hers, that caused the blood to recede from her heart; an undefined feeling took possession of her, for which she could not account. Coming to the girl, she directed her to admit them. She then spoke to the girl in an under tone—"take the stranger to my private room." And, stopping at the door of the common sitting-room, she cried—

"Laura, here's Harry. I wish you would take care of him!"

When, proceeding to her own apartment, she—assisted by her daughter and the girl—deposited the helpless form of Frank Seten upon a richly-embroidered sofa.

This being accomplished, the girl departed, and the daughter stood gazing upon the face of Frank, with looks of admiration. She muttered in a low tone, "He is really handsome."

She was overheard by her mother, who took her by the hand and led her to the door, saying, "You had better retire to your own room, my love, until this young man gets a little rest, and goes away, for it is no place for a young lady to be."

The girl, whose name was Eveleen, did as she was desired, looking back as she left the apartment. When left alone, Mrs. Lisle took a chair, and sat scanning the features of the sleeping man. She could not account for the interest she felt in him. It recalled to her memory her early wrongs. Thought crowded on thought, and as the insidious arts, with which her vile seducer succeeded in accomplishing her ruin, rushed upon her mind, she took a pistol from the folds of her dress, and touching a spring, a dagger started from its hidden recess; its polished brightness reflected back the light and formed itself in the shape of a heart, which shone full upon the countenance of the young man. She gazed upon it in wonder, taking it for an omen that he

would co-operate in her obtaining her long desired revenge, she uttered in a low voice, "His hour will come."

While those thoughts were passing through her brain, Frank, who had awakened, and seeing a pistol within a foot of his head, started to his feet, bewildered, crying, "What! would you murder me?" then, hurriedly looking around, he continued, "Where am I?"

Mrs. Lisle, laying her hand upon his arm, said, "Be seated I pray, there is no harm intended to you."

"What means that pistol?" inquired Frank, again taking his seat.

"There is a certain something in your look that recalled occurrences which happened long years gone by, wherein a poor silly girl was imposed upon and deluded from the path of rectitude, whereby her ruin was accomplished by a villain. But the injuries of that lost girl (lost to virtue), burn as fresh at her heart, and the desire for revenge is as strong, as it was the hour when she discovered his baseness."

"That girl is yourself?" queried Frank.

"It is."

"By Heavens! he must be a villain who would do so dastardly an act. Pray, what was the name of your seducer, if I may make so bold?"

"Grafton, Charles Grafton."

"Grafton, Grafton, I do not think that I ever have known a person by that name," replied Frank.

"Then, I am mistaken; but tell me who was your father."

"I never knew my father. He died abroad while in my infancy, I being adopted by a friend of his, by the name of Hastings," said Frank, with his usual duplicity. "George Hastings, at your service."

"Would that you would be at my service, and assist me to obtain the cherished desire of my life, that which is consuming me daily with its fires."

"Pray, what is that, madam," asked Frank?

"Revenge," cried Mrs. Lisle, nervously grasping the pistol, and shaking it.

"By Heavens, I will do all in my power to enable you to attain it," said Frank.

"Say you so. Then let us swear to aid each other, and form a compact, whereby one can call upon the other for assistance to subdue our enemies."

Frank paused to reflect for a moment, when the thought occurred to him, that this woman might, at some future time, be of use to him, and coming to the conclusion to consent to her proposition, he cried, "Agreed."

"You are willing?" replied she.

"I am."

"Then swear upon this pistol, with me, to aid each other, when called upon."

Then, holding the pistol up, they both cried, "I swear," in the same breath.

She then deposited the weapon in its hiding-place, where it had been worn for years, ready for the destruction of her victim, should he by chance be thrown in her way. Then addressing Frank—

“Remember the name, Grafton. Should you be fortunate enough to meet with any person answering to it, acquaint me with the same. In the meantime finish your nap, from which I disturbed you. You are safe in this room ; none dare enter here without my bidding.”

Thus saying, she left the apartment, closing the door after her.

Frank lay down again, and laughingly observed, “How easy ’tis to gull a woman. She thinks now, that she has enlisted a powerful ally in her cause. Well—well, I always have thought, and think still, that women were made expressly, to have the wool pulled over their eyes,” saying this, he composed himself for a comfortable sleep.

He had not long lain quietly there, when he observed the door slowly open, and a female form stealthily enter. ’Twas Eveleen, who had observed her mother pass down the stairway, when she left her room, and entered that in which Frank Seten lay.

Upon her entrance, Frank lay still, pretending to be asleep, intending to watch her proceedings.

Eveleen advanced to where he lay, gazing upon his face with admiring looks. She gently touched his cheek with her white hand, “How soft and delicate,” she murmured, and looking around to assure herself that she was unobserved, she inclined her beautiful form forward, until her face was on a level with his, and lightly touching his cheek with her lips, she hastily stole from them a kiss.

Frank sprang up, and seizing her by the hand cried, “Am I already in Paradise, or why am I permitted to gaze on such loveliness for a moment, and then have it torn for ever from my sight?”

“Hush !” cried Eveleen, “my mother may hear you.”

“By heavens !” continued Frank, “I could dwell in a wilderness, far from the haunts of men, contented, had I but one fair being such as thee, to share my loneliness. I feel a fluttering around my heart, such as I never felt before in the presence of a woman. Can it be love, if so, wilt thou exchange it for thine, gentle girl ?”

“Willingly would I do so, but a harder fate is mine.”

“Say not so ; pray explain,” cried Frank.

Eveleen hurriedly related to him, that early in life her mother had been deserted by her destroyer, and left upon the streets without a shelter. That she had been aided by a gentleman, who had proved her friend hitherto ; it was to his bounty that she owed the means to keep the establishment, in which they were at the present moment, and I am to be the reward which he claims at the hands of my mother. He is old and married, with a family of grown up children ; were he young and single, I would not feel that repugnance which causes me always to shudder, when he approaches me. Oh ! how I detest him.

“It shall not be. Say pretty one, will you be mine ?” cried Frank, “if you will, I will rob the toothless old dotard, and save a mother the committing of a crime, unequalled at the present day in brutality, that of sacrificing the virtue of her child for gold ; ugh ! the thought makes me sick. When claims he his reward ?”

"I know not," replied she.

"Say, dearest," said Frank, gently placing her upon the sofa beside him, "can you love me?"

Eveleen replied blushing, "I already love you, sir, and willingly would I link my fate with yours, were I permitted. But I fear it cannot be."

"By heavens it can and will! it remains with yourself; here take this card, my name is upon it. The name that I gave your mother was a fictitious one; whenever I call address me by the name of George Hastings. Should you have occasion, fly to me. I never saw a woman before, that I could feel the tender passion of love for. As soon as I can arrange matters, I will make you my wife, and take you from this den of iniquity," Frank concluded, by imprinting a kiss upon her fair brow. Then added, "You had better depart, lest your mother observing us together, may mar our plan."

Eveleen did as she was desired, leaving Frank once more alone, who threw himself upon the sofa, his thoughts full of the beautiful girl who had just left him. He thus reasoned with himself: should my father place any obstacle in the way, or show any opposition to my marrying this fair creature, I have wit enough to surmount every difficulty, and accomplish my end. What an angel of beauty! he murmured, and he fell into a doze, dreaming of her, from which he was aroused by Mrs. Lisle, who came to inform him that his companion was in the parlor awaiting him.

He sprang from the sofa, and descended to the room below in her company. Upon his entrance he was accosted by Courtland, who informed him, that he was appointed as a committee of one by the girls, to acquaint him, that as this was his first visit to the house (he, Frank), being a stranger, it was his unpleasant duty to tell him that he must pay his footing.

This speech was received with a burst of laughter by all present.

Frank willingly complied, and calling for champagne, his health was drunk by all; when taking Harry by the arm, they left the room and entered the hall where they encountered the landlady, who whispered in Frank's ear as he passed close to her—"Remember the oath." They then left the house.

Upon the day appointed for the meeting of the young couple, Mr. Manvers was seated with his daughter, in the little parlour in Eldridge Street, awaiting the arrival of their guests. Mr. Manvers had acquainted Mary with what had taken place concerning her, in reference to Frank. She had candidly informed her father of her love for the young ship carpenter, meeting no opposition to her wishes, on the contrary, her choice was applauded by her parent, who informed Mary that he had great faith in her judgment, but at the same time saying that Edward Fay was a noble young man.

George Seten and his son soon arrived; upon entering the parlour, Manvers and Mary arose to receive them; what was the confusion of Frank, to behold in Mary Manvers the young lady who he had so grossly insulted in the street, a few days previous. He stammered something unintelligible about a mistake, when Mary looking at him

with contempt exclaimed, "we have met before sir," and sweeping haughtily past him, left the room.

George Seten looked at his son and inquired the meaning, who told him that he would inform him at another time ; they soon took their departure and left the house. On their way homeward, Frank informed his father the cause of Miss Manvers' behaviour towards him.

George Seten appeared nervous, starting at every noise which suddenly came to his ear ; ever and anon, looking back as if dreading pursuit. His strange conduct attracted the attention of his son, who inquired what was the matter with him.

"Frank, if you only knew how much was at stake, by your causing this rupture with the Manvers family, and the breaking off of the match between you and the daughter, you would not wonder at my agitation."

From that day Seten was an altered man, he seldom left his own house ; when he did, his strange conduct was noticed by all who met him. He had begun to feel the punishment due to his crimes, which will sooner or later come upon all who step from the path of honor to attain their objects in this world.

Cut off from the only hope of security, he was in continual dread. How bitterly did he repent of his villainy to Mr. Graham and his daughter, and a shudder ran through his frame as he thought of the death of the former. We will leave him for the present fighting that terrible battle of conscience, with the dread of the future rising continually before him, searing his brain with its burning fires, and making a hell on earth.

CHAPTER IX.

As the winter passed away the health of Mr. Manvers rapidly gave way ; he was so far gone at the commencement of spring, that he was unable to rise in his bed without assistance ; Jenny, the faithful Jenny, tended upon him with all the care of a mother, relieving Mary in her watch upon the sufferer. The malady of Tommy had grown upon him as he grew in years, he became more idiotic and simple, yet particularly harmless, with the exception of his 'tricks upon the boys of his neighborhood, to whom he was a terror—they termed him the Crazy Man. He would absent himself for days from his home without causing any uneasiness to his friends, who saw it was useless to endeavour to control him in his waywardness, and finding that no harm came to him, they had come to the conclusion to let him have his own way.

One afternoon, in the beginning of spring, the sun was shining brightly in at the window ; Mary Manvers stood with Edward beside the bed of her dying father ; on the opposite side was standing Jenny Craigie, moaning piteously.

Mr. Manvers with great effort addressed her in the following words, "Faithful woman, do not mourn for me, we must all submit to the decrees of Him who rules us all ; you have done your duty to me and mine, and may you receive your reward for it on High.

"Edward, to you, and you too, my daughter, I leave the duty of protecting this faithful person, as old age advances upon her, rendering her incapable of braving the storms of this life." And placing the hand of his daughter in that of Edward, he continued, "I would say a word to you ; let not my death prevent your union from taking place at the time appointed, for you will be alone in the world, all and all to each other. Society in its busy round of cares and pleasure, has but little time to sympathise with the lonely mourner. Seek not, nor trust not too much upon obtaining real happiness upon this earth ; that alone can be obtained in heaven, all other is but vanity, and will fade away as the setting sun will vanish from the sight behind some hill, leaving the world more dark and dreary. I find my—myself grow weaker—a dim hazy shadow—comes before—my eyes,—farewell—farewell—all ; God bless you all."

William Manvers was no more ; grief, heartfelt grief reigned in the hearts of all present ; such grief as buries itself in secret, to mourn unobserved by the rude gaze of the world ; such grief as we will respect and leave in its loneliness to be subdued alone by time.

We will pass over a space of some two weeks. Miss Manvers sat leaning her head upon her hand in a pensive attitude, gazing upon vacancy. She was in deep mourning, her face was very pale, a tear

drop stood upon her cheek, which gave evident signs that she had recently been weeping. Stern must be the heart of the person that could look upon that fair countenance without feeling a touch of sympathy. So sad, so dejected was that face, it too plainly told that grief had early touched her young heart. She was aroused from her revery by a knock at the door; she started and rose to her feet, when Tommy Craigie entered; he had several toys in his hand, amongst which was one of those artificial snakes composed of wire springs, covered with canvass and painted, showing the fangs and eyes of a bright red color, giving it an appearance so lifelike, that at first sight, it would startle the beholder.

As he entered, he was singing the following lines from an old ballad :—

“ A famous man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singers’ joy;
But Scotland boasts a thief as good,
She has, she has a Tommy boy.”

As he concluded, he took a tin horn from under his arm, and putting it to his lips, he blew loudly, at the same time marching around the room.

“ Tommy, Tommy, do cease your untimely mirth; my head aches violently,” said Miss Manvers.

Tommy paused immediately in front of her, and gazing with a sorrowful look into her face, said, “ Did I annoy my bird of Paradise? well, crazy Tom won’t do so any more.”

“ Where did you get those things?” asked Mary.

“ I’ve been speculating.”

“ Been speculating; Tommy, what mean you?”

“ There is a parcel of boys, who are always playing over there by that open lot. Whenever I go by them they throw stones at me, and call me hard names. As I was coming past them, a little while ago, I saw them all sitting down close together; I came softly up to them, and saw what they were at. Now what do you think they were at?”

“ I’m sure I don’t know,” was the reply.

“ Don’t know! well I will tell you—they were gambling.”

“ Gambling!”

“ Gambling! wasn’t that horrid?”

“ Indeed it was, to commence the vices of life at such an early age.”

“ I thought so too, and I being of a speculative turn of mind, as I stood watching them, I thought that such habits would lead them to the gallows, so I pounced upon them and seized these things, and ran away; wasn’t that a good speculation?”

“ What were they gambling with, Tommy?”

“ Pushing pins, ma’am.”

“ Oh! fie, Tommy.”

At this moment a knock was again heard at the door.

"See who is at the door ; and then go and return to the little boys their playthings," said Mary.

Tommy started sullenly to obey her orders. Miss Manvers again resumed her seat. Tommy soon returned ; approaching his mistress, and bowing profoundly he said,

"His cloven-footed majesty, Mr. Satan, desires admittance."

"What ! whom do you mean ?" exclaimed the young lady.

"Why, I mean that Mr. Seten desires to see you."

"Admit him."

Tommy, obeying the orders that he had received, ushered Mr. Frank Seten into the room.

Miss Manvers rose at his entrance, coldly requesting him to be seated, at the same time bidding Tommy to leave the room.

As the idiot was about to depart, he looked back ; and, seeing that he was not observed, adroitly slipped behind a large book-case, which entirely concealed him from view.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit ?" asked Miss Manvers.

"Can you ask, my dear young lady, when you well know how long I have loved you, your friendless situation has induced me to offer you my hand and heart, hoping that my offer will be accepted, and by so doing, make me the happiest of men."

"Rather say, sir, that my friendless situation has emboldened you to insult me. I would not listen to your overtures nor favor your suit during the life of my father, nor will I now. I am not as friendless as you suppose."

Frank Seten bit his lip, and observed, "You have some other suitor, perchance. May I make so bold as to inquire who the favored lover is ?"

"Insulting," remarked Mary, and she turned and gazed from the window, as if determined to hold no further converse with him ; but suddenly altering her mind, she turned and confronted him ; she added,

"I will be candid with you, hoping that it will prevent any further discussion upon a subject that is displeasing to me. I do love another, one whose nobleness of heart the proudest maiden of the land might be honored in aspiring to love. That other is Edward Fay."

"Ha ! the man I hate and detest the most on earth," he muttered in a low tone. Then, speaking aloud, he continued, "And will the beautiful and gifted Miss Manvers, who is formed to grace the highest circles and be the very leader of fashion, coolly and deliberately cast wealth, grandeur, and admiration from her, to dwell in obscurity with a base-born mechanic ?"

Mary Manvers arose, her countenance glowing with wounded pride and indignation, she approached one step towards him, and made the following reply :

"He is not base-born, sir ; his ancestors died upon the battle field contending for freedom's rights. An honest working-man, a mechanic, is stamped with that true patent of nobility that is given by the great

Architect of Nature. He is a source of wealth to his country. Behold our railroads, our public buildings, our noble shipping, which are the envy of the world. Could these have been achieved without him. Wheree'er the star-spangled banner is seen to wave o'er this great continent, or the cry of liberty is heard by the people of our country, there is the working-man seen foremost in the ranks, ready to maintain her rights or advance her trade. Should dread war once more hover o'er our land, with its ravaging blight, our young mechanics would be the first to rush forth to the scene of action, and show the daring foe that they were ready to stand up in defence of their homes and firesides, and fight as bravely as those heroes did at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, where the brave Warren fell, and the immortal Washington nobly stood forth in a nation's cause, and performed those deeds which covered him with laurels, leaving a bright example, that will remain in the hearts of his countrymen, until time be no more. What though he be despised, as he returns from his daily toil, by the purse-proud man of wealth; that man with all his gold has never experienced one particle of pleasure equal to that which glows within the workman's bosom, as he enters his humble home, to be met by a beloved mother, a smiling wife, his pratlers clinging to him, each anxious to be kissed in turn; his heart expands, as the feeling comes o'er him, that he is a useful member of society, and a prayer rises to his lips in humble thanks to the Great Creator, for giving him strength to do his duty. Leave me, sir, I wish to be alone."

How noble did that fair creature appear, as with heightened color and extended arm she boldly defended her absent lover.

Frank Seten arose, and was about to reply, when our friend Tommy, who had left his place of concealment, approached him, and, putting the horn to his ear, blew a sudden blast.

Seten started, and turning, was horrified at beholding a serpent, with its glaring eyes, within a few inches of his head. He retreated towards the door; but, on discovering that he had been tricked by an idiot, he cast a withering glance of hate at him. Then, turning to Mary, with a countenance portraying the demoniacal rage that boiled within, he uttered the word, "beware," and hastily left the house.

Tommy danced and capered around the room, highly delighted with his little stratagem. Miss Manvers sank into a chair, scarcely able to suppress a smile, at the fright of her persecutor and the antics of Tommy.

At this juncture, the door again opened suddenly, and Jennie Craigie entered the room, with a basket on her arm. Gazing first at her mistress, then at her son, hastily pulling her shoe from her foot, she ran at Tommy, belaboring him over the head and shoulders, at the same time, exclaiming—

"Ma certie, I canna gang frae the house yene minit, but yer playin' some o' yer deevil's tricks, and disturbing your young leddy."

Tommy, who was under great fear of his parent, made for the door, through which he hastily made his escape.

Jenny turned to her mistress, and, replacing her shoe in its proper place, inquired of her what pranks he had been playing on her, adding—

“Ye must na’ mind him, my leddy, for he is beside himself at times.”

“Dear nurse, you are laboring under a slight mistake. Tommy has rendered me a particular service,—he has relieved me of a troublesome visitor. But how did you succeed on your errand?”

“Not vaery weel, leddy. Mr. Brown complained very much o’ the bit wark, but, after a deal of grumbling, he paid me. But, he told me to tell ye, that he wad na’ want na’ more ’til next week. I called in a deal o’ shops, but could get nothing promised afore next time.”

“Oh, and will I be idle until then?” exclaimed Miss Manvers. “What will become of us?”

“Dinna fear, my leddy,” cried Jenny. “I ha’ been thinking that ye’ wark too hard for us a’, and ye’ must remember, that I am strong, and have nothing to do, but take care o’ the house, and ye’ see if yer’ leddyship wad allow me, I could turn a penny by taking some washing, or something o’ that kind ye see.”

The faithful Jenny was interrupted in her plans by the entrance of Edward Fay.

Approaching Mary, who rose and warmly welcomed him, he drew a chair, and they both seated themselves—Edward still retaining her hand in his, at the same time nodding to Jenny, and kindly asked after her health.

“I’m vaery weel, wi’ the blessings o’ God, Master Edward,” and, courtesying, she left the room, thinking, perhaps, that there was one too many present.

Let us follow her example, dear reader, and leave them to converse with that freedom in which lovers can indulge best in private.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN young Seten left the house of Miss Manvers, he proceeded homeward, bursting with rage, and forming in his mind some plan of revenge. When within a few paces of his own residence he was accosted by a boy who appeared to have been watching for him. The boy inquired if his name was Hastings. Frank nodded assent. "Here is a note for you, sir, which Mr. Biglow the druggist, gave me to bring to you." Frank received it, and gave the boy a trifle, who ran off. Seten had arranged with the aforementioned gentleman to receive any letters that should be left at his store, addressed to him under the assumed name of Hastings, and have them forwarded to him. On perusing the note, he paused for a moment, and muttering, in a low tone, "I suppose I must see her,"—changed the direction in which he was walking, and took his way to Lispenard street. During the winter, the Seten family had removed to Bond street, that world of fashion. Their new building having been completed, George Seten became more morose and nervous, never leaving the house except by night, when he would ramble through the streets, peering into the faces of the passers-by, as if in search of some particular person.

On the evening previous to that on which we again bring him before our readers, as he was passing through Broadway, in the neighborhood of White street—'twas near the hour of eleven—the night being dark and rather chilly, few people were abroad—he was confronted by a female, closely muffled in a wrapper, who presenting a pistol at his head, exclaiming—"We have met at last," fired at him, and darted down White street, and was soon lost in the darkness. Old Seten fell to the ground, slightly wounded. Owing to the agitation of the woman, or the darkness of the night, the intended shot did not take effect—it merely grazed his shoulder, making a slight incision in the flesh. On finding himself but little injured, he rose from the sidewalk, and looked around, but not a living object met his view. He shuddered at his narrow escape, and hastily took his way homeward, in a state of agitation bordering on insanity. Before arriving at his residence, his whole evil life had risen before him. Each person that he had wronged had passed before his sight in panoramic view, with some instrument of destruction ready to hurl at him, and breathing vengeance upon him. He, upon conjecturing in his mind who the woman could be who had attempted his life, came to the conclusion, that, if the girl lived whom he had so deeply injured early in life, it could be no other than she. There, thought he, is another enemy to dread, who might way-lay and pounce upon me at any moment. Whom could he trust? He feared all. And, as he arrived at his own door, his guilty mind had come to

the conclusion, to keep secret the occurrence, lest it would lead to inquiry ; for, a guilty conscience makes cowards of the stoutest and boldest hearts.

The female had paused for an instant within the darkness of an arch, for the purpose of witnessing the effect of her shot. As she saw him rise and depart, she muttered—"Curses on him ! he has escaped me this time, but I will not be foiled in my revenge. I will yet make him bite the dust, and trample upon his accursed carcass ;" and she rapidly departed, to avoid some intoxicated young men, who were coming up the street, singing.

When young Seten rang the bell at the door of Mrs. Lisle, in Lispenard street, he was received by that personage herself, who appeared greatly agitated. She bade him follow her, and conducted him to her private room. When they were seated, she exclaimed—

"I have seen him, George. I have seen him !"

"Who ?" cried Seten.

"Charles Grafton, the accursed wretch ! I went out last evening, upon some business of a private nature. As I was returning home, at a late hour, I observed a man passing up the street immediately in front of me, whose strange behaviour attracted my attention. I hastened my pace, and, passing a-head of him, turning to observe his countenance, I saw by the light of a lamp, which cast its rays upon his figure, the hated face of my destroyer. With what a savage delight I grasped my long-hidden treasure, and drew it from the folds of my dress. Gazing around, I saw that the streets were deserted. I fired upon him—he fell. Darting down one of the dark streets, I paused and looked back. I observed him rise, and make his way from the spot. I cursed myself for my failure, and hastened home. But now that I am certain that he lives, and is dwelling in the same city with myself, I will not rest till I work his destruction."

Her countenance appeared hideous to Frank, as she, in her rage and hate, breathed curses upon him she would slay.

"He lives in this city, and by our compact, you are bound to aid me."

"Would you have me murder him ?" asked Frank.

"No ; that would be robbing me of my revenge. I would do that with mine own hand, and witness the agonized writhings of his polluted form, as it lay weltering in his evil blood. I'd place my foot upon his body and crush it, as his depraved and deformed soul took its flight down to the receptacle, that has been formed by a just God, to punish such as he. I would have you trace him out, acquaint me of his whereabouts. I wish to know his residence, that I may watch for him and dog his footsteps, so that when an opportunity may occur, I may fulfil my long-cherished desire."

As she concluded, she approached a side-board, and pouring out a glass of brandy from a decanter that was standing upon it, drank it off, at the same time, inviting Frank to partake, who declined.

When she had again seated herself, Frank asked where Eveleen was.

Mrs. Lisle informed him, that she had gone out to purchase some

few articles, of which she stood in need, and had not yet returned. Frank promised to comply with her wishes, and soon took his departure.

Upon his arrival home, he sought out his father, and seating himself near him, he addressed him in the following strain. "My dear father—since by your adopting me, you have given me the right to address you by that title—I have endeavored through life, hitherto, to obey your wishes. Some few months previous, one day while lecturing me upon my loose habits, you mentioned that you would have me marry and become settled; you desired me to form an alliance with Miss Manvers, but that, as you know, fell through; I am now ready and willing to fulfill your wishes; I have found a lady, who I think, has it in her power to make me happy."

"Who is the fair one?" inquired his father.

"Some few weeks since," replied Frank, "I became acquainted with her, when being in her company one evening, she informed me that she was shortly to be married, but that it was against her will, her intended bridegroom being many years her senior, but that her only parent, her mother, compelled her to wed him, on account of his worldly wealth. I already loved her, and a feeling of compassion mingled with that love, as the thought arose to my mind, how horrid it was to unite youth and beauty with decrepid old age. Actuated by this impulse, I there and then, offered her my hand and heart, which she blushing accepted. Her wedding day is appointed for next Thursday. Now it only remains for you to give your consent, when I will find means to get her from her mother's roof, and escort her here, where we can be privately married."

"You have not informed me of the lady's name," said his father.

"Eveleen Lisle," replied Frank. "She is beautiful in the extreme, and she will be quite an acquisition in enlivening us in this dull house, without a female to do the honors. I do not think, my dear father, that a fire-side group is complete, without it is graced with the endearing smile of woman."

George Seten replied, that he had no objections, if the girl was respectable, such a one as he could receive into his house as his daughter.

Frank thanked him, at the same time, informed him that should he be fortunate, he would bring her home that night. Rising, he continued, "I have no time to spare, I have to arrange my plans;" saying this, he left the room.

Mrs. Lisle had misinformed Frank concerning Eveleen. She was confined to her own room, which was at the back of the house, cut off from all communication. On the day previous, as she was passing the room of her mother, she heard loud and angry voices, when she paused to listen. She soon learned that the conversation, which was carried on in a high key, was concerning herself. While listening, she heard the following remark made by the man whom she most detested on earth.

"After all I have done for you, and all your promises, you would cheat me of my reward, which I have waited so long and patiently for, but you shall not—by all the fiends in hell you shall not. I'll have her in spite of every obstacle."

"I do not wish to cheat you, Mr. —, but I would have you wait for a short time longer, until I get her more prepared to receive your overtures. We must not be too precipitate," replied Mrs. Lisle.

"I'll wait no longer," he cried. "You have put me off too long now. She must be mine to-night, or I am no longer your friend."

"Say to-morrow night," said Mrs. Lisle; "as that is the night upon which I do not allow visitors, you will have a better opportunity, as you will not be liable to interruption, should she make any opposition."

"Well, be it so," cried he, "but not one day later."

Eveleen hearing a noise, darted up the stairs and entered her room, hastily turning the key. She seated herself for a moment, to gain her scattered thoughts, when pulling a card from the folds of her dress, she muttered, No. — Bond street, she hastily returned it to her bosom, and rising, proceeded to envelope herself in a cloak, which she took down from a peg, where it usually hung; she then took her hat from its case, and putting it on, approached the door, but pausing ere she left the room, she said, "But will he deceive me? He may be deceiving me. Should it be so, I will seek some shelter elsewhere, I care not how humble; 'twere better to dwell in abject poverty, than be compelled to endure the odious embraces of that hideous old man."

She started cautiously down the stairs, and proceeded towards the front entrance; but what was her horror, on passing the parlor door, to be confronted by her mother, and the object of her aversion.

The former questioned her, as to where she was going, at the same time, noticing her confusion. Eveleen stammered some reply, and hung down her head to hide her agitation.

"Go to my room; I will be there immediately; I wish to speak with you."

Eveleen slowly went up stairs, and entered the apartment of her mother, where she was soon followed by that personage, who, seating herself, addressed her as follows:

"Eveleen, you well remember what I have told you in reference to Mr. —, how that he aided me when the world frowned upon me, and who has since been a generous friend to me, enabling me to live in splendor and comfort, which has given me the opportunity to rear you up in luxury, and give you an education suitable to fill any station. You well know the reward he demands at my hands, which I a long time ago promised him, on his first taking notice of your growing beauty. That was his business here to-day. I tried to put it off until a future time, but he tells me that it is his intention to go to Europe, in a few days, with his family, where he intends to remain for some time, and that he would not defer the consummation of his long cherished wish any longer. Upon his observing my opposition to his will, an altercation ensued, in which he informed me that if I did not co-operate with him, and use my influence to gain your compliance, he would take the house from me, and withdraw his friendship, by turning me once more into the street, without a home. Now, I hope I shall have no trouble with you."

"Mother, dear mother," cried Eveleen, "throwing herself upon her knees before her, "can you, will you, sacrifice your daughter, your only



While thought after thought succeeded each other in my brain, I was moved by the appearance of a little Chip-boy whom I saw coming towards me, with a basket-full of chips upon his back; so pale, so sorrowful, care-worn, and dejected was his look, that it even moved that adamantine substance composing my heart.—*See page 9.*



child, to the lust of an old man who has daughters of his own older than I am? You will not, will you, mother?" and she buried her face in the folds of her mother's dress, and moaned piteously.

"Come, come, rise, Eveleen," cried Mrs. Lisle; "you might have fared worse; he is not such a bad looking man; what need you care? Comply but with his wishes, and it will throw him in your power. You can command him, make him your slave; for his situation in life is such that he would sacrifice any thing but life, rather than have it publicly known concerning his connection with you. So, conquer this repugnance, and receive him, when he comes, with smiles."

Eveleen arose to her feet, and stepping back a pace or two, exclaimed, "I would not comply, to gain a sovereign's power."

"Well, go to your room for the present," cried Mrs. Lisle; "you will think better of it before to-morrow night."

As Eveleen departed, she ascended the stairs after her, and turning the key in the door, she detained her a close prisoner, where she was at the time that Frank Seten inquired for her: detained by her unprincipled mother, for the hellish purpose of catering to the lustful appetite of an old fiend in human shape, who, in the walks of public life, was pronounced by men a patron of virtue. How easily society can be cheated by hypocrisy!

If men would pause in their onward acts, in endeavoring to destroy innocent virtue, and think of the extent of their guilt, they would turn aside with horror; for when a virtuous female has become a discarded, ruined, deluded outcast from society, she looks back at the artfulness with which her destruction has been completed, and finding herself a loathsome object—loathsome even to herself, deceived by man—she arms herself with all the arts attainable by her sex, to deceive and ruin man in turn.

'Twas night, as Eveleen sat in her room, pondering upon her situation. She had in vain tried to escape from her prison; she heard a noise—it approached, when presently the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and her admirer entered, with a sickening smile upon his wrinkled visage. He was dressed in the height of the fashion, appearing to have made the vain attempt to hide his advanced age. He approached Eveleen, and seated himself upon the sofa beside her, and took her hand.

She turned from him with disgust. On his perceiving that no opposition was made by her, he gently threw his arm around her. She rose from the sofa, exclaiming, "Stand off, sir! I know the hellish nature of your visit; but you will not accomplish your design, not while I have life."

"Come, come, Eveleen, come now, be generous, my pretty one," he said, in a whining voice.

"Be generous! what do you term generosity?—to give that to thee which alone renders life desirable; casting away all my hopes of happiness in this world, and the salvation of my soul in the world to come, and become one of those polluted objects which are daily met in our streets, scorned and condemned by society. And this you would term

generosity. Begone, sir ! I loathe you as I would a toad that, just issuing from the damp earth, would touch me with its slimy flesh."

As she was speaking, he approached her. She withdrew to the farthest extremity of the apartment. He continued to advance upon her, extending his hand to take hold of her. She struck it down, and springing past him, pushing him over a chair, she darted through the door. Hearing a noise upon the stairs, she ascended to the roof of the building, and the courageous girl, rather than be caught and be subjected to the persecutions of her tormenter, ran some distance upon the tops of the houses, till, perceiving one of the scuttles off, she hastened to it, and the thought flashed across her brain that she might be enabled to effect her escape by descending through it and find her way into the street. On looking down, she observed that it was dark; she cautiously groped her way down, without meeting with any obstruction until she had arrived upon the lower flight of stairs, when the parlor-door was opened by a female who bore a lighted lamp in her hand. Upon observing Eveleen, with her hair dishevelled and streaming over her shoulders, clothed in a white wrapper, hastening down stairs, she screamed, and dropping the lamp, hurriedly closed the door. Eveleen sprang for the entrance, and hastily letting herself out, she was received, fainting, in the arms of Frank Seten, who was that moment approaching the house of her mother, to inform her of his success, in having gained the consent of his father.

CHAPTER XI.

EDWARD FAY and Mary Manvers, had stood at the altar, and had plighted their faith to sustain and nourish each other, through weal and woe, sickness and in sorrow, as long as life was given them by the great Dispenser. Mary had become a mother, and it was with the purest joy, that Edward received into his arms the smiling infant.

The grief of Mary for the loss of her father, had gradually worn away as new objects arose around her, which called forth her love. Her old nurse went gaily around from room to room, singing snatches of old ballads, and Tommy had somewhat given up his rambling life, remaining home, greatly taken with the infant, for it was a peculiar trait in his character—his fondness for children. It was a happy home, that of Edward Fay, such a home as is the reward of an honest, temperate mechanic, who is faithful to himself, faithful to his employers, faithful to his God, and faithful to his family. One day, having been to work on a vessel down town, as he was returning home in the evening with a light and buoyant heart, anticipating the reception he would receive from his young and lovely wife, a slight disturbance in one of those hells, where the elixir of the devil is daily dispensed freely to poison men's minds, attracted his attention, when, pausing for a moment to discover the cause, he observed one of those noble-minded, generous spirits, who are so easily misled by designing persons, through their kind-heartedness. I allude to those hardy sailors, who daringly brave the dangers of the ocean to protect our commerce, and are the means by which the current of wealth is borne unto our shores; but, alas! how poorly are they requited for their services, subjected to poor pay, hard living and abuse while at sea, and upon their arrival upon shore, they are fleeced of their hard-earned wages by those persons who are ever on the watch to rob the unwary.

As Edward paused, one of those noble tars was rudely thrust from the door of the gin-shop into the street. His foot coming in contact with a box which lay upon the sidewalk, he fell, his head striking the curbstone, upon which he received a deep gash. The blood started in a stream from the wound, while the poor sufferer lay motionless upon the ground, unable, either from the injury that he had received, or from the effects of the quantity of liquor, of which he had been partaking freely, to rise. A crowd had gathered about him, but not one offered to assist him, nor was there one word of reprimand spoken to the inhuman wretch who had been the author of the dastardly act. Of what consequence was it?—'twas nothing. He was but a poor, drunken sailor. Nobody cared for him. It was no matter whether he

lived or died. So thought the crowd, who stood by as unconcerned as if he were some cat or dog, that had accidentally received an injury. Oh ! how uncharitable and unsympathizing are men in their dealings one with another. Wrapped in the mantle of selfishness, they neither see nor care for others' woes. That poor misguided man, that lay there weltering in his blood, was once a bright-eyed child—an object of the tenderest care of a doating mother—and loved as tenderly as the children of some of those men who stood there enjoying the disaster of the poor sailor.

Edward approached him, carefully raised him from the ground, took his handkerchief from his pocket, and binding up the wound to stop the effusion of blood, which trickled down his weather-beaten countenance in little streams, took him by the arm, and persuading him to accompany him home, started off amid the shouts and jeers of the bystanders. Upon his way home, Edward learned from honest Will (as he was called by his shipmates), who had become somewhat sobered by the fall, "that he had that morning shipped in the government service, and had received three months' pay in advance, and one week's liberty to stay on shore ; but," he continued, with a comic leer, (and feeling into his pockets), "the sharks have pretty well cleaned me out of it. I haven't got a copper left, or I'd ask you to splice the main-brace, for running down to me with squared yards, and taking me in tow, when I was knocked down in that bit of a squall."

Edward replied, "that it was much better to be without money, than to spend it to enrich a parcel of unfeeling men, who had not one feeling of sympathy in common with their fellow-creatures, but who daily stood behind their bars, dealing out poison to man, bringing ruin upon him and his family, without a care for their sufferings or misery. So that they obtained gold, 'twas all that they cared for." He then inquired the cause of the disturbance between him and the landlord.

Will replied, "that, early in the afternoon, as he was listlessly passing along, he was invited to enter and take a drink. Having drank, he, with the noble generosity which actuates the most of our seamen, treated in turn, calling up to the bar all in the house. So, treat after treat was called for by him, until his money was all gone, when, asking for another dram, he was abruptly told to leave the house. Will, not liking this usage very well, became rather noisy, when, as before-mentioned, he was thrust from the store."

Upon their arrival at his residence, Edward, who was welcomed by a kiss, on relating the mishap of Will to his wife, she kindly invited him to be seated, and with her own hands washed and dressed his wound. When this was accomplished, Will was made to sit down to supper with the family.

As that honest, kind-hearted man sat at that table, gazing upon the happiness depicted upon each countenance that surrounded him, he thought of his precarious life—how that he had been a wanderer upon the voyage of his lonely existence, unloved, uncared for by his fellow-creatures, ever among strangers, without the sympathizing feelings which are so dear to the human heart, and long buried thoughts arose to

his memory. Visions of his early youth came up before him, and as Mrs. Fay, at the conclusion of the evening meal knelt down, and in beautiful and touching language gave thanks to the Giver of all good for His kind care and protection through the trials and temptations of another day, a tear arose to his eyes as he thought of his own dear mother, to whom he had caused many a pang—to whom he in early life so often listened, as she prayed in like manner.

Our seamen are generally susceptible. There is a chord within the inmost recesses of their hearts—that can be easily touched, if taken in the right way—which will discourse heavenly music. Thus it was with this old tar. It was many years since he had been received into the circle of a Christian family, and the early teachings of his beloved parent, who had been long dead, had become choked up with weeds, but not wholly eradicated. They had lain dormant for many years, to be brought forth to flourish in truthfulness, by some kind and benevolent hand.

How careful should parents be with children, and early instil the beauties of religion, with all its holiness and duties, into their infant minds. No matter where they go, no matter what is their station in life—whether upon the briny deep, or upon the land—should they by some mischance step aside from the path of rectitude, it will at times recur to them amid the busy scenes of life, and startle them; cause them to pause in their downward course to ruin, and in many an instance produce a reformation. The teachings of a Christian mother are never forgotten by a child. How I shudder as I pass along the streets upon the Sabbath—that holy day of rest from toil, which is given up to worship in this Christian land of freedom, where each and all may, according to the dictates of their own consciences, serve their God in their own way—when I behold so many little children playing and shouting, unrestrained by any guiding hand; their parents themselves shut out from the holy light of God by wilful blindness, caring not for the morals of their children. What a benighted spectacle does a man present, who has come to the age of maturity without ever having the knowledge of the divine love of the Redeemer impressed upon his mind! What a monument of darkness! Parents blame fate for the crimes of their children, instead of blaming themselves. The public wonder at the depravity of human nature, as they glance their eye over the account of some horrid murder, or examine the statistics of our prisons, and find them full to overflowing, or witness the number of inebriates in our city. The self-conviction will arise that it is the fault of parents.

All were seated around a cheerful fire, highly delighted with the droll stories and daring adventures, hair-breadth escapes and happy times of honest Will, who, having the infant daughter of Mrs. Fay upon his knee, apparently very contented, had been drawn out by Edward to speak of himself, much to the annoyance of Tommy, who now and then threw spiteful glances towards him for keeping his little charge so long from him.

After concluding a laughable little yarn which he had been telling, and with which he had been taking the sailor's privilege—that of

stretching the truth to its utmost—he sat tossing little Charlotte up and down upon his hands. Tommy approached him stealthily, and darting suddenly forward, he seized the child and ran to the opposite side of the room. Will, not liking to be treated thus unceremoniously, threw off his jacket, and was about to give battle, and contend for the possession of the babe, to which he had become much attached considering the short time that he had been in its company; but, upon being made acquainted by Edward of the peculiarities and malady of Tommy, he desisted, and quietly took his seat. Good humor once more being restored, Will was asked to tell another story.

After taking a chew of tobacco, the sailor's constant companion, and that enemy of the clean housewife who has a regard for her carpets—he began :

"One bright morning as we were running before the wind—I was then attached to the good old schooner S——, which had been fully manned, victualled, and dispatched by government to apprehend or destroy those accursed pirates who infested the West India seas, ruthlessly committing their depredations upon men and property. We were running as I said before, with the wind right after us with studding sails set 'alow and aloft on both sides;' the men were at breakfast, when they were startled by the cry of Sail, Ho! which came from the mast-head, where a man was continually placed to look out for the enemy. The officer of the deck hastily putting the speaking-trumpet to his lips, with a quick startling cry, asked 'Where away?' 'Broad on the star-board beam, standing this way sir,' cried the man.' 'Can you make her out,' cried the officer again through his trumpet.'

"She looks like a small vessel sir," cried the man. Now, all was bustle, (for the men had been picked for this expedition, and had put to sea with the expectation of having a brush); so as may be supposed—their souls were in arms and eager for the fray. The word was passed along the deck, "Lay aft to the braces—stand by to take in all the studding sails,"—the downhauls being led along the decks and manned, the word was passed along,—"All ready sir," "haul taut, in studding sails, ease away the larboard head-braces, haul in to leeward, put your helm down, cried the officer to the man at the wheel." In came the studding sails, up went the yards sharp up, and our gallant little vessel rounded too upon the larboard tack, as gracefully and lightly as any belle among the upper ten, could reel and take her place in the dance.

The two vessels approaching from opposite directions, soon neared each other, and we soon made her out to be a long low black schooner which we had heard much of, and which had been a terror to our merchant vessels. We beat to quarters, and having disguised the looks of our schooner outside, so as to resemble a horse jockey from one of the eastern States, (which the buccaneer mistook us for)—we lay concealed between the guns, all but a few of us who were walking the decks and working the vessel. The officers had thrown off their glittering uniform, and were dressed in rough pea jackets such as are worn by officers of merchantmen while at sea.

The pirate came dashing along up under our lee, and the captain

hailed us, and commanded us to heave too, and send a boat on board with an officer, bringing a manifesto of our cargo with him. Now, what do you think was his answer ?” cried Will to his eager listeners, who replied that they did not know. Why our captain gave orders to fire a broadside into him, which was done with such good effect that it sent both his masts over the side, leaving him a wreck upon the ocean at the mercy of the waves, killing the most of her crew, and the starspangled banner floated in the breeze triumphantly. Our second cutter was called away and hastily manned by a stout crew, commanded by Lieutenant W——, which hastily pulled on board of the dismantled vessel. On arriving alongside of her, the officer and crew sprang up aboard, where nothing met their view but the mangled remains of human bodies. The officer gave the men orders to keep a good look out, and he descended into the cabin, but what was his horror to perceive the captain of the pirate surrounded by the remnant of his crew, holding a lighted match in his hand ; in their midst was a number of barrels of powder, with the heads knocked out.

On perceiving Lieutenant W——, the buccaneer accosted him in the following language :—“ Look you here, my gay young spark, (by the help of the d——l or some of his angels who have deserted me, after sticking by me for a long time), we are now at your mercy as you suppose. Having made an easy conquest, it is your captain’s intention I expect to take us into port and have us tried for pirates, and hanged as pirates. Now, there being a little spice of the d——l in me, I intend to disappoint him ; me and the remainder of my crew have come to the conclusion to travel a quicker route to h——l, than through courts of justice, so we have come to the conclusion that if you do not go on board and acquaint your captain with our intentions, we will all go on a voyage of discovery together ;” (and he held the match within an inch of the powder). “ What say you my men ?” cried he. His speech was hailed by a shout of approbation by his blood-thirsty crew. “ I had overheard the whole of the conversation,” cried Will, “ I being one of the crew of the boat, but could not see the speaker ; I was resolved to stand by my officer until the last.” Lieutenant W——, during this speech had rapidly ran over his mind the situation of himself and boat’s crew. Should he agree to the pirate’s terms, his actions might be construed into cowardice ; rather than be stigmatized by that appellation by my brother officers, I would lose ten thousand lives thought he, (such is the jealousy of a brave man for his honor). While pausing to deliberate, the pirate continued, “ Do you accept the terms ?”

Lieutenant W——, shutting his teeth with a firm resolve, exclaimed, “ Never ! The match dropped among the powder. I knew no more until the next day, when I found myself laying in my hammock, on board of our own little schooner, tended by the surgeon, who was anxiously watching my coming too. I inquired for those that went with me in the boat, but was informed that they had met a watery grave ; they had been destroyed, by causing the destruction of the destroyers of many.”

His story was listened to with intense interest by all ; by none more so than Jenny, who had been gazing on the countenance of the sailor with distended eyes. As he concluded, she exclaimed, " Oh, the veelins! they should ha' been a' burned at the stake."

And thus passed the time until the hour of rest, when Will was invited to remain in the house until his departure to sea. For, dear reader, rents had not become so high at that time (by the wrong administration of a corrupt Common Council, which has since called forth the indignation of the people, and with one loud voice called for reform,) but that a working-man could keep a spare room for the accommodation of a friend. So our honest friend was domiciled in the family of this new found friend, where he spent a happy week in their society, free from the snares and temptations that assail the sailor at every turn. It was his delight to accompany Tommy and the little Charlotte out of town, where they would sit upon the banks of the East river, and gaze upon the passing vessels. Will would take great pains to explain the nature of the different craft upon the river to his simple friend, who appeared highly delighted, and wished that he was a sailor, for he said that he liked sailors, for they could tell such big lies ; alluding to Will's stories, which he said he didn't believe a word of.

Thus passed a week away, never to be forgotten by that worthy tar.

The evening before his departure, they were all seated, with clouded brows, around the stove, the night being somewhat cold, although the spring had far advanced. Edward felt really sorry at the approaching parting, for he had become attached to the society of Will. When Mrs. Fay, rising and going to the bureau, from which she took a new Bible that she had purchased that day, approaching the sailor, she said, " My friend, to-morrow is the day appointed for you to go on board of your vessel. You will again be thrown amongst those honest but careless beings who have no regard for the future. I wish to bestow upon you a souvenir, as a token of my esteem ; one that may, by the grace of God, be of more value than all earthly treasures. Read it, my friend ; read it with care. You will there find a panacea against all worldly cares."

She presented it to Will, who received it with the following remark :

" I will read it, lady ; if for nothing else, I will read it for the sake of the giver."

Will seeing that a settled gloom had cast itself around upon them all, forgetting himself for a moment, he cried, " As I am going away to-morrow, suppose we have a little something to take, as parting is generally a dry piece of business." But the thought of the temperate habits of those around him recurring to him, he stammered an apology.

When Mrs. Fay cried, " We will have a drink, and I will drink you a toast, my honest friend ;" and going to the closet, she took from thence a large pitcher and several tumblers, which she placed upon the table and filled with clear sparkling water, when, taking one in her own hand, she invited the rest to do likewise ; pausing for a moment, to give force to her words, she gave the following toast : " Here's to those bright stars of temperance : may they form in one grand galaxy, and

serve as a beacon to guide the poor deluded drunkard to the pure fountain of the waters of life." She then drank off the water, her example being followed by the rest. She then continued, addressing Will, "Make that your ruling toast, as you hope for salvation hereafter, for you, too, have a precious soul to be saved."

Will replied, gazing upon the countenance of that good woman, looking upwards as he continued, "When I forget to follow your advice, may God forget me."

The rest of the evening was spent in religious devotion, Mrs. Fay praying fervently to her Maker for the protection of him who was to make his home for a time upon the deep.

On the following day Will Sykes took his departure, bidding his friends adieu, with a feeling of sorrow that he had never experienced at any period of his life before.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Frank Seten received the insensible form of her he loved in his arms, he hurriedly proceeded towards Church street, where he observed a carriage standing, the driver having alighted and entered a porter-house, to refresh himself with a glass of liquor. While Frank was looking around for the owner of the vehicle, he was startled by hearing voices crying "This way, this way." They went this way from the direction of the dwelling of Mrs. Lisle. This gave token that he had been observed, and was pursued. Glancing hastily around, he observed a gate which led to the rear of the building in front of which he was standing. He entered. At this moment the driver of the carriage issued from the door of the grog shop and was accosted by the girl who usually tended the door, who was closely followed by Mrs. Lisle.

"Did you see a girl running this way, sir?" asked she.

"A girl," cried the driver, in a broad Hibernian accent; "A girl. Now, my pretty dear, what kind of a girl? was it a little girl, or a big girl; a white girl, or a nager girl; a slim girl, or a broad girl; a fat girl or a lean girl. Now, my darlint, if ye'll give me one swate kiss, I'll tell ye all about it; be my soul I will."

As he concluded speaking, he threw his arm around her neck, when he received a blow from behind, which was delivered by Mrs. Lisle. Turning to see from whence it came, she gave him a push which sent him reeling into the gutter. The girl and her mistress starting down Church-street in pursuit of the fugitive daughter of the latter.

Frank, seeing the coast clear, came forth from his hiding-place, bearing his lovely burthen in his arms, who now began to give signs of returning consciousness.

She murmured, "Begone, sir, you shall not accomplish your designs; unhand me or I'll cry murder."

"Quiet your fears, dear Eveleen," cried Frank.

"Where am I?" cried she, looking around with wild air.

"With one who will protect you with his life," cried he. "One whom you love."

"Thank Heaven, then, I'm safe."

Frank now hastily spoke to the driver, who had risen from the ground muttering curses upon all women, from mother Eve down to the spiteful devil that had given him such a *poller* in the eye, that he would not be able to see clear for a month.

Upon Frank thrusting a roll of bills into his hand he ceased his grumbling, and quickly opened the door of the carriage, and letting

down the steps, assisted Frank to place the lady upon one of the cushioned seats. Seten sprang in, and the driver closing the door, jumped upon the box, and drove off at a rapid rate, just as Mrs. Lisle and the girl came in sight, having given up the useless pursuit. Upon arriving at her own door she entered, and proceeded immediately to her own private room, where she found Mr. — foaming with rage at his disappointment. It was with much trouble that she succeeded in quieting him with the assurance that Eveleen would soon return, when he would be enabled to accomplish his wishes.

Having become somewhat calm, he told her that things appeared as if she and her daughter had leagued together to disappoint him in his designs. He had become suspicious. If he should discover such to be the case, she would rue it, for he would become her deadly enemy. He concluded by saying, that few crossed his path with impunity.

Mrs. Lisle assured him that he was mistaken, as it was so much to her interest to aid him, he had no cause to fear.

Becoming somewhat assured, he said he would depart, but requested her to inform him the moment that Eveleen should be found.

When she was left alone, she sat musing for a long time, calling up different events of her life. She thought of her youthful days, of her poor silly, but kind, good mother. She thought of the grief and death of that parent, upon the discovery of her own ruin; and the heinousness of her own course, arose before her, as it flashed across her mind that she herself was the instrument which was driving an innocent, virtuous girl, such as she once was, to ruin. She thought of her own enemy; was she never going to attain her long desired revenge? She felt that she would, and she hissed through her teeth the words, "won't it be a glorious moment." She then thought of her obligation to M——. How she hated that old wretch. His tyrannical behavior of late had caused her to despise him still more. Why not denounce him to the world, expose him, and rid herself of him, and save Eveleen from ruin? but that, she thought, could only deprive her of a handsome living. Eveleen must be found and sacrificed to him. She arose, approached the sideboard, and drank a large glass of brandy. Thus she sat deep into the night, busied with her own turbulent thoughts, drinking glass after glass, until becoming unconscious, she fell over upon the sofa, one of the most degrading sights that can meet the view—a drunken woman.

When the carriage arrived in Bond Street, Frank alighted with Eveleen; turning to the driver, he gave him a five-dollar bill accompanied with the words, "You need not be telling every body that you meet about this night's work."

"Never fear," cried the driver, as he sprang upon his box and drove off, greatly pleased at his good fortune.

Frank entered the parlor with Eveleen hanging upon his arm, whom he introduced to his father, and a young clergyman of his acquaintance who were seated conversing together. Frank had met Mr. S—— during the day, and informed him of his intended marriage, letting

him into the secret, as he termed it, by telling him the same story as he had told his father, and requesting him to be in waiting at his own house in Bond Street in the evening, where he wished him to unite him to the fair Eveleen.

Having seated themselves for a moment, listening to the discourse carried on between the two gentlemen, Frank pulled his watch from his fob and looking at it, observed that they had no time to lose, they had better proceed to business.

Mr. S——arose and approached the table which stood in the centre of the room, upon which lay a large Bible which he opened, and requested the young couple to stand up before him. Doing as they were desired, the marriage ceremony was pronounced, after which a prayer was delivered, and Frank recompensing Mr. S—— very handsomely, who shortly after took his departure, they were left alone.

Frank endeavored to draw his father into a conversation with his new-made bride, but found it impossible, as his sullenness had again returned upon him. He answered only in monosyllables in a surly tone. Eveleen feared him at first, but Frank informing her in a whisper that it was his way, that she must not be alarmed, they soon retired to rest.

Time passed swiftly by. Summer, autumn, winter, had flown by, and lay buried in the past. Frank Seten was happy with his young wife whom he loved with a fondness bordering upon idolatry. He was the father of a lovely boy of whom he was very fond. His father had thrown the management of his affairs into his hands, and would sit brooding in silence for days together in his own room, none approaching him but his own attendant, a little girl whom Frank had engaged to wait exclusively upon him. But the bad humor and fretfulness of the old man soon drove her away, causing a new one to be hired nearly every month.

As Frank was passing through the street upon business early one morning in the neighborhood of the dwelling of Edward Fay, his attention was drawn to a pretty little wagon which contained a lovely infant, drawn by a man fantastically dressed. Upon inquiring of some children who it was, he was informed by them that it was Crazy Tom.

"Whose is the child in the wagon?" asked Frank.

"That's little Sissy Fay," cried the boy, running off to avoid Tommy who was approaching, of whom he stood in much fear.

Seten continued his walk, all the feelings of hatred which he bore to that family rising to his mind, and causing the desire for revenge which had been smothered for a time in his bosom, to rush upon him with full force. He quickly conceived a plan whereby he might gloat his malicious hate upon their misery—judging from the nature of his own feelings for his infant son, how he could make the hearts of Edward and Mary Fay bleed at the loss of their child. His compact with Mrs. Lisle gave him the power to call on her for assistance to aid him. Full of these thoughts, he took his way for that person's dwelling. Mr. —— had not yet returned from abroad, where, it will be recollected, we mentioned in a former chapter, he intended going

with his family. And as Mrs. Lisle saw day after day and month after month pass away without the discovery of Eveleen, she dreaded his return. Frank had often called since his marriage, but he was not suspected of knowing anything of Eveleen, and was on very good terms with the mistress of the house.

Upon his arrival, Mrs. Lisle invited him to ascend to her own room, where they seated themselves side by side, upon the sofa.

"What news do you bring me, George," cried Mrs. Lisle; "have you discovered my enemy or my daughter?"

"Neither," cried Frank, "and I have made diligent search for both. I do not think that they are in the city.

"Curses on them; but I do not blame Eveleen so much for running away to get rid of that hateful old wretch. Have you lately inquired among your friends and acquaintances if they have known through life any person answering to the name of Grafton?"

"I have," replied Frank, "and can gain no intelligence."

"I have searched the directory," pursued the lady, "but to no effect; there must be some mystery. He is either dead, or has left the country. There is an inward feeling that tells me that he is living, and that I shall yet see him. Were I to know that I might find him upon the utmost confines of the earth, I would travel barefoot—aye, should my strength give way, I'd drag myself prostrate upon the ground, inch by inch, so that I could meet him face to face, and spit my venom upon him."

"I too, have an enemy, and by your coöperation," said Frank, "I will be enabled to crush him. I do not wish him dead; I would torture him and make his days pass slowly by, one continual living death."

He then related to her his enmity to Edward Fay, and the cause of it, concluding by narrating to her the means by which he intended to crush his enemies.

This woman, dead to every feeling of virtue and humanity, willingly consented, feeling that it would be a relief to her to gratify her revengeful nature upon some victim to whom she would be enabled to cause misery. "But what will you have done with the child," asked she.

"Drown it, or do what you like with it," cried Frank.

"That would not do," said she. "The body would be found, and might lead to discovery; and the parents identifying it would know that the little thing was dead. Their grief would soon wear away, and you would lose half your revenge. But if they were kept in ignorance of its fate it would be a source of daily sorrow and uncertainty to them."

"True," cried Frank, "you had better have it taken from the city for a short time, until inquiry has ceased, and then place it in the alms house, where, amongst the numberless infants daily placed there, it would grow up unknown to any."

Having arranged all matters, Frank took his departure, sure of success.

On the following day as Tommy was taking his usual round with

little Charlotte in the wagon, when near to the corner of the street, two ladies approached him. One of them addressed him in the following language :

"My good sir, would you be so kind as to go into that grocery and get me sixpence worth of cloves, there are so many men in there that I have some delicacy in entering lest I be insulted. I will reward you handsomely if you do."

Tommy looked at her for a moment, on being spoken to so civilly, and said, "I will go, ma'am, if you will take good care of my little strawberry, while I'm gone."

The lady promising to do so, gave him a bill, knowing that he would be detained by waiting for the change. The idiot received it, ran towards the store, and entered ; when the woman looking around, and seeing that she was unobserved, rapidly took the infant from the wagon and concealing it beneath her cloak, hurriedly darted down the street, followed by her companion, to where a carriage was in waiting, into which they hastily jumped and drove off.

Upon Tommy's coming from the store, and not seeing the ladies he, in his simple-mindedness, forgot to look to the infant, but went on towards home, thinking that he had made a good speculation ; nor did he miss little Charlotte until he arrived at the door, and was about to take her out of the carriage.

He ran then into the house, crying that the fairies had ran away with his strawberry.

His mother questioned him as to the cause of his outcry, when he informed her of all he knew concerning the disappearance of the child, at the same time giving her the change which he had received from the grocer.

Mrs. Fay fainted when she became aware of her loss ; but upon recovering she rushed into the street, exclaiming :

"My child—my beautiful child, where is it ?"

Immediate search was made in every direction in the neighborhood, but in vain. Mary returned home, and sat weeping, as Edward entered.

"For God's sake, what is the matter ?" he cried, hurriedly approaching his wife.

She raised her head, and looking him in the face, with eyes filled with tears, exclaimed, "Our child is lost—it has been stolen !"

Edward uttered a cry, and staggered into a chair ; when quickly rising, he cried : "How know you ? Is there no trace left by which we can find it—not one clue ?"

"None," replied Mary ; and she related the circumstance of the disappearance of little Charlotte, word for word, as she had received it from Tommy.

"Curse him !" cried Edward, for the moment forgetting himself in his excitement ; and he buried his face in his hands and groaned.

Mary trembled as she heard him utter the words. A dread came over her, for which she could not account.

Edward hastily arose and rushed from the house. He traversed

street after street in his useless search, occasionally asking those he met if they had seen a woman with a child in their walk. He was laughed at by some, others hastily drew aside to avoid him, thinking from his wild look and apparent anxiety, that he was insane. He thus continued his search until a late hour, when on coming up Broadway, near the spot where now stands the Broadway theatre, he stopped a young man whom he met, and anxiously asked the same question he had asked so many upon that eventful evening.

The misery depicted upon his countenance was like balm to the soul of the villain that stood before him. How he exulted in the success of his stratagem. Reader, it was Fank Seten whom Edward had asked that heart-rending question. Seten was unknown to Edward Fay, personally; but, on the contrary, the latter had been pointed out to the former, by his friend Henry Courtlandt, some months previous, giving him the advantage. Seten answered in the negative, at the same time asking him in a sympathizing voice, "What was the matter?" adding, "you appear to be in great trouble."

Fay burst into tears and said, "Some cruel person has stolen my child."

"Come, come," soothingly cried Frank, at the same time placing his arm around Edward, "you must not take it so much to heart."

A new idea having flashed across his mind, that if he could lead his victim to drink (which he thought might be easily done in his agitated state), and send him down the channel of intemperence, it would be refining upon revenge. With these thoughts uppermost in his mind, he slipped his arm into that of Fay's, saying, "Come my friend, you are greatly agitated, come and take something to quiet your nerves."

And he led him unresistingly into one of those dens where the fiendish crew of Lucifer meet; the presiding genius being a representation of his Satanic majesty himself; or, in other words, one of those painted palaces, made beautiful and grand by the glare of gaslight, and the tears of suffering mothers, wives and children, which are used as drops of essence to mix with each glass of liquor that is poured down the throat of the inebriate.

There, dear reader, in that hell, surrounded by tiplers, enticed in by a friend, stood the temperate Edward Fay. A place where he had never stood before—at a public bar!

Frank called for some brandy, at the same time inviting his companion to do the same.

Edward made no reply, but stood as if stupified.

The landlord asked him what he would have, but received no answer but a bewildered look. Upon which he poured out a quantity of brandy into a tumbler and placed it before him.

Frank raised his glass to his lips, his companion mechanically did the same, as if unconscious of what he was doing, and drank off the brandy at a draught.

He soon became more composed, and at the request of Seten he related in what manner the child had been stolen.

Frank endeavored to cheer him up with the assurance that he would

soon find it, and invited him to take another drink, with which he complied.

After inducing him to drink several glasses, Frank informed his companion that they must separate for the present, as he had some business of a private nature, to which he must attend. At the same time telling him that he would be glad to meet him upon any other evening, and shaking hands with each other at the door, they parted. Fay staggering towards his home much intoxicated.

Upon his arrival, what was the horror of his wife, to perceive his situation. She fell upon her knees before him and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, anything but this. Oh, God, in Thy infinite mercy deign to save him from the fate of the drunkard."

As she clung to him he rudely thrust her aside with his foot, and reeled into the adjoining room where he slept, and throwing himself on the bed was soon asleep.

Long did Mary Fay, with sorrowful heart, weep for her lost child and the curse that had come upon her husband. If it could not be conquered at once—and she shuddered as she thought of the miseries of the drunkard's family—she came to the determination to speak to him in the morning, and endeavor to extract a promise from him to drink no more, thinking that he would not break his word to her, muttering to herself, "He will not lie, he is the soul of honor itself." And falling upon her knees, she prayed that God would bless her efforts, and then lay down to obtain some repose.

Edward tossed restlessly in feverish dreams. He dreamed that he beheld his dead father's mangled remains upon the ground. His face was turned upward, looking with a pitying eye upon him. He saw the form of his mother, arrayed in white, pointing with a sorrowful look at his father, when she uttered the following words:—

Listen, my son, to what I say,
Thou wilt be tempted—go not astray;
Avoid the intoxicating bowl,
Or thou art ruined, body and soul.
Ages gone by, when the Deity above
Smiled on this world of peace and love,
In the dark abodes there met a hellish band,
To drive peace and happiness from the land.
'Twas there that Satan first gave birth
To the demon Intemperance, that scourge of earth,
The surest ruin of mankind,
The destroyer of the body and the mind.
'Tis the key to all crimes in the calendar shown,
It nurtures vice, and sends it forth full grown.
From small petty crimes, to cold-blooded murder,
It pauses not there, but goes a step still further,
Driven to desperation, having gone too far to mend,
A self-invented death will be the end.
A pistol, poison, or the fierce rushing tide,
He ends his miserable life by suicide.
Such is the end of him who is to rum a slave,
He drops before his time into a drunkard's grave.
Listen, my son, to what I say,
Touch not the wine-cup—go not astray.

As she concluded these words, she gradually faded from his sight ; when waking with outstretched arms, he cried :—

“Stay mother, stay. Do not leave me.”

But perceiving that it was but a dream, he lay thinking upon the singularity of it until morning ; when, springing up he bathed his aching and fevered temples in cold water, which made him feel somewhat refreshed.

It was with a downcast look that he met the gaze of his lovely wife, who, seating herself beside him, in the most tender tone supplicated him never to drink any more—let his troubles be what they would, never to turn to the poison-cup for relief ; rather seek comfort above and look to Him who alone could bring peace to the troubled soul. “Observe the misery,” she added, “every day seen in our streets. Forms that were once men, but now fallen beneath the brute, with swollen and bloated countenances, ragged clothing, and penniless. They stand with bleared eyes, gazing into the rum-shop, ready to barter their soul’s salvation for one glass of rum, to sink them still lower in degradation.”

Edward promised that he would touch it no more. But did he keep his promise ? No. His palate had tasted the poison, and his resolution was too weak to resist it. He became its slave.

I have seen a whole audience in tears on beholding the fictitious misery of Uncle Tom, as represented upon the stage. They have shown evident signs of indignation at the tyrant Lagree, his master, as he so unfeelingly utters, “Come here, nigger, you are mine, body and soul.” What one amongst that whole number of people would shed one tear for the real miseries they daily meet in our street. Scarcely a day passes over their heads, but they greet with a smile or shake of the hand, one that daily dispenses a more terrible slave-holder than the one mentioned in the work of Mrs. Stowe ; that which holds the soul as well as the body in slavery—Alcohol. Dealt out by him whom they take by the hand. The presiding genius of Intemperance—the rumseller.

CHAPTER XIII.

OH ! how I love the ocean, to be upon its briny bosom when maddening winds do arise the tempestuous billows, which toss and boil like some seething cauldron. I have stood upon the prow, when the mountain wave has come down upon our gallant bark with destroying force, threatening fell destruction ; I have felt a wild and daring energy infused into my being, as our ship would rise triumphantly, as if with magic wing, and ride harmless over the boisterous billow ; I have walked the deck upon a calm, still night, with the bright, full moon over head, casting its silvery rays upon the water, giving it the

appearance of one vast mirror, reflecting back the tall spars and sails of our vessel upon its surface. Then it was, that I thought of my careless life—of my erring ways, the pale and anxious face of my distant mother would rise before me, with a pitying and supplicating look, as if admonishing me to cease my reckless life; when walking thus in the midnight watch, with all nature as it were, laying in sweet repose around, I have prayed to that God, to whom my tender mother has so often prayed for my soul's salvation, I felt my heart grow light, and I have felt a better and a happier man.

Forgive me, dear reader, for wandering from my story; but old scenes will sometimes recur to my memory.

The vessel in which our friend, Will Sykes, put to sea was destined to cruise in the Mediterranean. Faithfully had that old tar kept his promise of reformation, which he had given to Mrs. Fay. It was with considerable self-constraint that he had avoided going to the grog-tub, when the drum rolled to call the seamen to receive their daily rations of spirits, but at such times, he would utter a prayer, for strength of mind to resist the temptation.

Upon a beautiful day, which was drawing near its close; that portion of the twenty-four hours in which the thoughtless, careless, generous sailor is allowed the most freedom—the dog-watch—all restraint for the moment being taken off, he amuses himself as best suits him. Many a joke is banded from one to another; tricks are played by shipmate upon shipmate, which are generally received by the victim with a good grace. It was the hour when Will loved to take his Bible. That precious present of his kind friend, when the toils and cares of the day were over, and read chapter after chapter from it, and wonderingly cry, "What love! what charity for a sinful world!"

Upon the day, to which we call the attention of our reader, just as the sun was setting in the west amid a bank of clouds, tinged with a golden hae, which cast a brilliant, glittering light upon the waters, Will was sitting between the guns, with his Bible open before him, attentively reading. He paused as he thought of his absent, kind friends, and fervently did he pray for them. Alas! how little did he imagine how much they stood in need of prayer.

At this moment, a party of mischievous sailors came running along the deck, knocking his book from his hand, and ran forward, laughing.

Will meekly picked up his treasure, and putting it into his bosom in a low voice, humbly uttered the words, "Forgive them, Master, they know not what they do," and descended to the lower deck.

It is usually the custom with vessels of war, when they are upon their cruising station, to shorten sail each evening, not being bound to any particular port, they are not in any hurry to proceed on their journey.

Will had scarcely arrived upon the lower deck, when he heard the shrill chirup and winding whistle of the boatswain and his mates, and then the loud, hoarse call of "All hands reef topsails," as it was uttered from their lips.

A general movement now took place among the crew, each and all

hastened to their stations, which having been accomplished, and the first lieutenant having taking command (which he always did upon such an occasion), he raised his trumpet to his lips, and the cry resounded along the decks, "Man the royal and top gallant clewlines."

"All manned, sir."

"Haul taut, in royals and top gallant sails. Haul down the flying jib. Man the weather topsail braces, reef tackles and buntlines," again came from the quarter deck in loud tones, from the first lieutenant.

"All manned, sir," was the reply.

"Haul taut; round in the weather braces; let go the topsail halliards; haul up the reef tackles and buntlines. Lay aloft top men. Take two reefs in the topsail."

No sooner was the word given to lay aloft, than the rigging resembled a bee-hive, with its clustering bees, each man endeavoring to outstrip the other, in gaining their stations upon the yard, where they quickly reefed the sail, and hasten to descend to the deck again.

The word now being given to man the topsail halliards, which being done, the words issued from the trumpet, "Haul taut; walk away," and the shrill tones of the life-inspiring fife and the stamping of feet, keeping time, was heard for a moment, as the topsails arose gracefully fluttering in the breeze.

Having accomplished this piece of nautical duty, the watch was set, and silence reigned over the vessel, as she took her lonely way, cleaving the billows of the mighty deep.

Will belonged to that portion of the crew, who had the watch below. The moon was shining brightly, inclining to the west, the vessel was upon the starboard tack, heading to the northward. The hour of nine had arrived—announced by the bell striking two. A dark cloud had arisen from the horizon, and had ascended high into the heavens, which gave tokens of a squall. The officer of the deck had aroused the crew, to be readiness to meet the emergency. A low groaning sound could be heard as it approached, tearing up the water in its fury, and sending it through the air in showers. It came down like a destroying avalanche, or a maddened war horse, threatening fell destruction upon the devoted ship. Striking her with all its force broad on the beam, it hurled that large vessel (which resembled some great leviathan of the deep), upon her side. What a grand sight was there for an artist. The moon shining brightly on one side, with a smooth sea, while on the other the storm-cloud revelled triumphantly, amid devastation and desolation. The officers and the men clinging to the guns and rigging, as they felt that their ship was settling still lower and lower in the water, threatening them with a watery grave, when they were aroused by a cry, that was heard above the howlings of the storm.

"What fear ye? Ye are in the hands of Him who is ever with you in the darkest night, or in the broad glare of day,—in the storm as well as in calm. Turn your thoughts to Him."

'Twas Honest Will, who had rushed upon deck, and springing upon a gunslide, stood there with hair streaming in the wind; and the moon

shining full upon his face, lighted it up with an inspiring brightness, the terror-stricken crew gazing upon him in wonder.

Having uttered those words to draw their attention, he continued, in simple and touching language, with the following prayer--

"Oh, Most Mighty and Merciful God, Thou who hast power upon the sea as well as upon the land, deign to look down, with a pitying eye and outstretched hand, upon our storm-lashed bark, and with thy saving love and mercy, spare us, that we may live to acknowledge thy mercy, and to glorify thy holy name. But, should it please Thee, in thy all-wise and unerring judgment, to cut us off from this life, to enter upon the life to come, grant that we may meet the dictates of Thy will without repining, through the love of Him that died to save a sinful world. Amen."

The words thus feelingly uttered by the old sailor had scarcely died away, carried upon the wings of the terrific gale, far off to the leeward, when a gust of wind, more powerful in its fury than what had hitherto assailed them, came upon them with maddening force, burying the strained and groaning ship still deeper in the waves, threatening instant destruction to all on board, when a loud, sharp sound, resembling the firing of artillery, was heard, and every sail that was set upon the ship, burst from the yards, and blew away to leeward, thus allowing the vessel to gain an upright position, and saving, miraculously, the devoted ship, by the will of an all-merciful God, in answer to the humble petition that had been addressed to the throne of mercy.

Three cheers went up from grateful hearts, at the divine interposition of Providence, and, with light hearts, the crew proceeded to clear the wreck, and get everything snug and ship-shape, to ride out the gale.

Will was held in great awe by many of the simple-minded sailors, who actually believed him to be the saviour of the ship, and it was with great trouble that he convinced them, that it was through the divine will of the Most High, that they had been snatched from destruction. He drew a little circle of those hardy men around him, each evening, who listened attentively to him, as he would read passages of the New Testament to them, and discourse of and explain to them the love and sufferings of the Redeemer, for the salvation of their souls, and his efforts were blessed, in many a case, by the truth gradually dawning upon their darkened minds, making a paradise of the choked-up wilderness.

If that angelic woman, even amid her own misery, had seen the growth of the seed that she had planted in the heart of the poor, misguided sailor—as it grew up in abundance, and scattered its fruits around on all sides—she would have exclaimed, with lightened heart, "Father, I thank Thee."

"Homeward bound!" What an exhilarating sound. What fond associations it brings to memory, and causes the blood to rush swiftly and joyfully to the heart, at the anticipation of the glad meeting with distant friends. Such was the sensation felt by Honest Will, as the hoarse voice, echoed by his mates, called, "All hands up anchor for

the United States." And as each day went by, he would gaze upon the setting-sun, and say, "One day less between our meeting."

Upon his arrival in the city, he anxiously sought for his friends; but he could gain no trace of them, they having removed from the house in which they lived when he departed. Nor could those that dwelt there give him any intelligence concerning them. He did not meet with them for many years. He had fully determined to go to sea no more. He intended to obtain employment at his mechanical trade, which he had learned in his youthful days, before the demon intemperance had taken possession of him. After some search, he was successful. He obtained board in a religious private family, where he dwelt contented, and much good has he been the means of doing. Many a man who had given way to the damning influence of alcohol, who is now walking our streets with proud, elastic step, can boast of his reformation, from hearing his simple, pleading voice uttered to him in supplicating language, humbly begging him to avoid and cast from him the poison cup.

Some two years after he had given up the sea, having occasion to be in the lower part of the city, one afternoon, he was met by a party of sailors, who accosted him with—

"Hello! how do you do, Will? How do you get along?"

Having answered to their congratulations, he was invited to accompany them to the corner, to take a drink.

Upon his refusing, they took him by the arm, crying—

"O, Gammon! we haven't met you here for a long time, so, you must come and have a drink."

Will, now making himself heard by all, cried—

"Avast, there, shipmates! I've drank long enough with you. Now, come and take a drink with me."

"Agreed, agreed," was echoed from one to the other, and those thoughtless men, who thought it was their duty to drink and spree as much as it was in their power, while on shore, followed our old friend up the street, who, stopping before a crockery store—before which stood a pump—entered, and borrowing a pitcher and tumbler, from the lady who was in attendance upon the customers—went to the pump, where, filling the pitcher with water, he cried—

"Come, shipmates, come—join me in a drink, that will inspire you with new life. 'Twill not cloud the brain, nor gnaw the heart-strings; drink of this to overflowing, and your intellect will be clear—no feverish, throbbing head-ache after it. Come, drink, boys. Here's to the cold water system."

As he concluded those words, he tossed off the glass of water; and greatly to the amusement of the bystanders, who had assembled in a crowd to listen to his words, he dealt out to each sailor a glass of the sparkling water, telling each, as he handed it to him, to make that his constant beverage. He returned the pitcher to the store, and bidding adieu to his old shipmates, took his way up the street.

He had not proceeded far when he overtook a young female, whose sorrowful countenance, prompted him to address her in the following

language. "Are you in distress, Miss? if you are, and there is any thing that I can do to aid you, I will do it willingly."

The girl looked up into his face, where she beheld something in the benevolent look that met her gaze, which told her that he would be her friend, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed in a choking voice, "Alas, my lot is a hard one."

He soothingly replied, "If I am not too bold, tell me your troubles, probably I may be able to relieve them."

"I thank you for your kindness," replied she, "but I fear, that that is impossible." And she voluntarily related her story as they walked along.

"A few years since, amid that wreck of fortunes, which made so many of our merchants bankrupts, my father doing an extensive business withstood the crash for a time, as house after house failed around him, but alas, it came his turn to succumb to the overwhelming blow; upon arranging his affairs he found himself beggared. He struggled for a while against his fate, having obtained a situation as head-clerk in the store of a merchant, whom he had obliged when in prosperity, and who, by good fortune had surmounted the shock. As time passed on, he began to give evident signs that he had become addicted to drinking, for he would come home at night so much intoxicated, that he was incapable of helping himself. My poor mother, whose health being delicate, soon gave way under this saddest of all evils that had yet fallen upon us, and she drooped day by day, and died with a prayer upon her lip, that God would in his mercy, arrest my poor father in his downward course to ruin. After her death he became still worse, and was soon discharged by his employers: upon this event happening, he became one of the loiterers around the bar-room, ever ready to drink with anybody that would treat him. We were forced to move into wretched apartments. One evening he was accompanied home by a young man whom he introduced to me by the name of Henry Courtlandt, who looked upon me with such a bold staring look that I shuddered. After shaking me by the hand which he had taken, I withdrew to the opposite side of the wretched room and seated myself, he still keeping his eyes upon me. After remaining for a short time silent, he said to my father, "Jennings this is dry business, suppose that we have a drop of brandy," my father readily assented, when upon receiving some money from Courtlandt, he took a bottle and went out; he had scarcely left the room when the young man approached me, and attempted to throw his arms around me. I started up, exclaiming, 'what mean you, sir,' and pushed him from me with all the strength I was master of. My father's foot-step, being heard at the door, he sat down with a scowling look at me, muttering 'you will rue this treatment yet.' My father entered, and they sat down together and drank, but I observed that the young man drank lightly, while my father drank large quantities, and soon was very drunk, falling over on the floor. Courtlandt again approached me, but looking him straight in the eye, I told him that if he did not immediately depart from the house I would cry out. Fearing that I would do so, which would

cause him some trouble, he went out muttering. In the morning, when my father was somewhat sober, I informed him that I had been insulted by the young man, that came home with him the night previous.

"'Impossible,' cried he, 'insulted by Henry Courtlandt. I do not believe it, there is not a more gentlemanly young man in town. He would not insult any one, so there must be some mistake.'

"I saw that it would be useless to endeavor to convince him at that time, so I ceased to try.

"And such is the life," continued the girl, "that I have led ever since, exposed to his insults at every visit, I have been so far enabled to escape the snares that he has laid for me."

As she concluded she looked up into the old man's face and continued. "I am very thankful to you sir, for your kind attention, but I fear we must part here, as I reside up this alley."

As Will had listened to her tale, he had formed the resolution to endeavor to save that young creature from ruin. When addressing her he asked, "will you permit me to enter with you, I would like to see your father."

She hesitated for a moment, when consenting, he followed her up a dark alley, and entered a miserable apartment in one of the rear buildings, where amid wretchedness dwelt a man and his daughter, who had once been received in the highest circles. Upon entering, Will was introduced by the girl to her father, who was seated upon a broken chair, brooding moodily over his misfortunes: by chance he was sober. Will seated himself beside him and entered into conversation, drawing him out by degrees. Before he left he had convinced him of his own folly, and of the danger of his only child; when, rising, he exclaimed, "were I sure that he intended harm to her I'd shoot him."

"You would do better by driving him from your door; but you can easily ascertain upon his next visit; when he endeavors to ply you with liquor, pretend to drink until you are apparently drunk, then you will be enabled to see the result."

Agreeing to the proposition of Will, Mr. Jennings observed, "I will try it this very night, for I expect him here."

Will now took his departure, promising to call again during the evening.

When Courtlandt arrived, he as usual, had some brandy brought in, and frequently invited Jennings to drink, who adroitly threw it over his shoulder. As the night drew on he appeared very drunk, when falling over, he lay helpless upon the floor. He had not been in this situation but a few minutes, when Courtlandt approached Sarah, and saying, "look here, my girl, I have wasted time enough upon you," darted upon her, and placing his hand over her mouth to prevent her crying out, endeavored to throw her down. He was startled by a noise; on looking round, he perceived her father approaching him with a pistol levelled at him. He sprang into the middle of the floor, and as Jennings was about to fire at him, he dexterously knocked up his arm, which, as the pistol went off caused the ball to lodge in the ceiling. Courtlandt

hastily drew a dirk knife from his pocket, and buried the blade in the old merchant's heart, muttering as he did so, "take that d——n you," and he darted out of the house just as Will was entering, who tried to arrest his steps, but the young man thrust him aside, and sprung into the street. Will entered and beheld the girl hanging over the dying body of her father. As Will knelt beside him, he with great effort, uttered the words, "Protect her," pointing to his daughter, and ceased breathing. He was a corpse.

CHAPTER XIV.

MANY years have gone by. Years of patient, enduring suffering and misery, to Mrs. Fay. Since that fatal day, upon which Edward was induced to partake of that glass of brandy, he had sunk low in the scale of human nature. In the early part of December, 1852, about a year previous to the opening of our tale, we find them living in a wretched abode, in the vicinity of the Dry Dock. Mary had given birth to two more children, one of them a boy, now, about nine years of age; the other, yet an infant in arms. Faithful old Jenny had still clung to her young mistress through all her misery; and, in many an instance, when keen biting hunger had appeared among the wretched inmates of that desolate home, she had traversed the streets, asking alms, to procure them food. At the present time, by her labor—taking in washing for some workmen, and the united efforts of little Tommy, who gained a trifle by selling chips—they managed to keep from starving. Edward would be absent from home for days together; and, since his unfortunate falling, Crazy Tom, who had ceased to mourn for his lost strawberry, of whom no trace could be gained, had clung to Edward, in his downward career, and accompanied him in his wanderings, to watch over him, as he said, feeling that his idiotic intellect was superior to that of the drunkard's.

The downward course of the inebriate has been placed so much before the public, in all its debasing misery—and it has been so truthfully illustrated by Mr. C. W. Clarke, in the drama of the Drunkard, upon the *Museum* stage, and the miserable life of the unfortunate men who become addicted to drinking, bears such a resemblance one to the other—that it appears like the same story told over and over again. Conscious of this, I have come to the conclusion to pass over many years of Edward Fay's misguided life, and take him up at the period mentioned at the commencement of this chapter. After acquainting the reader with a few occurrences which happened during the intervening years, I will continue my tale.

When Mrs. Lisle had obtained the infant daughter of Edward Fay, she left the city, remaining absent for a month, until all inquiry had ceased concerning the child. She had seen advertisements, in the public papers, requiring information of the lost one, from day to day.

When having read them, she would look upon the sweet face of the infant, and smilingly say, "They may look in vain." She, at length, returned to the City, and placed it in the Alms House, giving out, that its parents were dead. Upon arriving at her own house, in Lispernard street, she learned that M——, her friend and protector so long, had died abroad, and orders were left for her to remove, which she was compelled to do, and finding herself alone in the world, without a friend, she drank still deeper, and gradually sank lower and lower, until she was glad to herd with the lowest of her sex.

Our old friend Will having attended to the funeral of Sarah Jennings's father—took her under his protection, and in time became her husband, of which she has never repented; finding him, although much older, a kind, attentive man. They now reside in avenue D, with a smiling little family growing up around them. The Seten family still reside in their splendid mansion, in Bond street. Frank appears comparatively happy in the society of his lovely wife. Having accomplished his revenge, and succeeded in sending Edward down the path of ruin, he was contented. Eveleen Seten was flattered by all for her beauty, and had become one of those spoiled and heartless leaders of fashion. By Frank's advice, she had never held communication with her mother, he, fearing that her connection becoming known to the world, would bring disgrace upon his house; therefore, she was left in ignorance of the whereabouts of her daughter. Their son, William, had grown up a tall stripling, beloved by all that knew him, so different was he from his father, gentle, kind-hearted and forgiving, doing good to all that lay in his power.

Old Seten still lived, but had become much altered. He, after a long life of fraud, villainy and remorse, had, through the divine mercy of a forgiving God, sought the true path of righteousness. Having been forced, through his morose and cross temper, to exchange his little attendants so frequently, Frank had, at length, obtained him one from the Alms House, some two or three years previous to the time of which we are writing.

When the little Rosa first entered upon her duties, of attending upon the old man, she, to his surprise, bore all his ill-humor with so much resignation, that it often puzzled him how she could command her temper. One day, having been more cross than usual, he drove her from the room. The room of Rosa was adjoining that of the old man, where she could be ever ready for a call when wanted. After her exit from his apartment, he caught the low, muttering sounds, as of one in prayer. He gently approached his door, and, on softly opening it, beheld the beautiful girl upon her knees, fervently offering up a prayer for him—he who was so cruel to her. His heart smote him, and, for the first time in his life, a holy sensation passed through his breast—a feeling of sorrow and repentance.

At the conclusion of her touching prayer, which had brought a tear into his eye, he called her into his room, and asked her kindly, why she prayed for him.

Rosa meekly replied, that it was her duty to pray for everybody.

"What!" cried he, "for those that daily abuse you?"

"God has commanded us to pray for our enemies," replied she, in a low voice; and falling upon her knees before him, she seized his hand, and, in supplicating tones, continued—

"Oh, Mr. Seten, for the love of the meek and holy Redeemer, pause before it is too late, and cast from you all worldly thoughts, and look up imploringly to that God, (whom, in every action of our sinful lives, we rebel against, but who alone can save us from endless torments,) and ask for forgiveness."

Seten trembled as the girl proceeded.

When she had concluded, he, in great agitation, said—

"I fear there is no hope for me."

"My dear sir, the first step to repentance is, the acknowledgment of our guilt. And has not the Redeemer in his love, given to a wicked world the brightest hopes, when he said, 'All ye that thirst after righteousness, come unto me'?"

And thus this young creature led, step by step, that hard-hearted, cross old man, into the path that leads to true happiness, where he in time found peace for his troubled soul.

Old Seten had become much attached to her, never being willing to have her long absent from him. There was another one in that establishment who had obtained the true light through her instrumentality. That one was William, who had listened to her gentle teachings. It was the old man's delight to have these two young people in his room of an evening, where in humble prayer they would thank God for his mercies, while ever and anon bursts of music and mirth would find their way into that room, from those gay, thoughtless beings in the parlor, who surrounded the careless, beautiful, indolent wife of Frank. Upon evenings when there was no company at the house, the old man, accompanied by Rosa (who was allowed to sit with the family at such times), would enter the parlor, and pass the evening with Frank and his lady, and many an effort (aided by Rosa) did he make to draw them from their thoughtless way of life, but hitherto without success.

There was a time during the downward course of Edward Fay, that had men not been so selfish and uncharitable, he might now have been a blessing to his family, and an honorable, humble follower of his God.

One evening, shortly after the birth of our little hero, as our worthy friend, Will Sykes, was returning home from his work, on turning a corner he met a poor miserable object, with bloated countenance, dragging himself tremblingly along. There was something in that face, marked as it was with the curse of intemperance, which seemed familiar to him. Stopping and looking steadfastly into his face, their eyes met. The truth flashed across his mind that it was Edward Fay, who had become a drunkard. That accounted for his useless search. He accosted him, and kindly shook hands with him, and putting his arm within that of the poor, despised inebriate, accompanied him home. How his heart suffered for the miseries too plainly depicted upon the pale face of Mary, as he met her gaze. Long and beseechingly did he discourse with Edward to cast the demon from him, and pointing to the slumbering babe in that suffering woman's arms, continued,

"Edward, for the love that you once bore for her who sits there before you, and the duty and fatherly care which you owe to that sleeping infant lying there, pray with trustful and truthful fervency to that immaculate being, who has power to bring relief to you in the midst of darkness, that He will shield you from further temptation."

After having fervently prayed with them, he left, promising to call the next day.

The earnestness of the old man's touching language, softened the heart of the miserable man. Scenes of early life arose before him as he looked around upon the miseries of his family, and he formed the resolution to reform.

On the following morning he issued from the house with the sole intention of seeking employment. As he proceeded through the streets he met Frank Seten, in company with a gaily dressed young man, who, upon observing Fay, sneeringly passed him by. He gazed after them, and muttered—

"What a fate is mine! It is maddening to be thus despised by my acquaintances. If I meet them in the street, they look at me with scorn, or pass me by unnoticed. I am pointed at as a drunkard. Alas! it is too true—made so by the very ones who now deny me their company—led on, step by step, from fashionable wine-drinking, to whisky, brandy, gin, until the damning curse of the rum-seller is branded on my brow. I will reform, and become a temperate man."

Full of these thoughts, he took his way to the yard of a ship-builder, whom in former years he had worked for. Upon asking him for employment, he was told with a look of contempt that he did not employ drunkards. He sought employment at various places, but not succeeding, he became tired, and weary, and discouraged, and exclaimed—

"May the drunkard's curse light upon thee—every friend turn from and shun thee as they would the poisonous viper—all mankind conspire to rob and cheat thee—dollar after dollar be taken from thee, until thou art as poor as I am. May keen, biting hunger come upon you, and force you to become a common beggar in the streets—then you will complain of the injustice of mankind, and then the drunkard will laugh at your misery."

He took his way to one of the low haunts where he spent much of his time. Thus was an opportunity thrown away of reforming a man, who in all probability would have become once more a kind father and a tender husband. Men should be more charitable in their dealings with each other. We will now return to our tale.

Upon the afternoon of a cold day in the month of December, Mrs. Fay sat with her infant on her lap, looking sorrowfully into its thin, pale face. Her husband had been absent for two or three days, with his constant attendant. Our little hero was out selling chips. Her old nurse had gone home with some clothes, for which she hoped to get the money to purchase their evening meal, when Mary was disturbed by the entrance of the agent from whom she had rented the apartment in which she then resided. He unfeelingly informed her that, as she

owed two months' rent, if she was not able to pay him there and then, she must bundle out ; and looking around and shrugging his shoulders, he continued, " You will not have much trouble to move ;" and he hoarsely laughed at his own witticism.

Mary told him that it was not in her power to pay him at that time, and begged him in supplicating tones not to turn her into the street with her little ones.

He replied, " The owner of the buildings, for whom I do business, demanded the rent of me, and he must either have it, or turn such tenants as would not pay it into the street, so you may as well get ready to bundle. If you don't have the money for me in the morning, I'll have a bill on the house."

" Who is the owner ?" asked Mary, meekly.

" Mr. Frank Seten, No. — Bond street," cried he, and he abruptly left the house.

At the name of Frank Seten being mentioned, she shuddered, for why she could not tell, and as she sat pondering over her situation, she came to the conclusion to see him, and endeavor to get permission to remain. Her pride at first rebelled, as the memory of past years arose before her, but she thrust it back as it ascended to her brain, with the following words bitterly expressed, " What business have I with pride, the drunkard's wife ?" She would have asked her old friend Will, for sufficient to defray the rent, but that she well knew that he was unable to assist her further, than by occasionally coming in with some provisions. He had given her the last money with which she had paid her rent, since which time, he had been sick and feeble, and as old age was fast growing upon him, he had to struggle somewhat hard, to keep a shelter over his family.

Night drawing on, and Jenny and our little hero having entered, by their united means an humble supper was procured, of which Mrs. Fay could scarcely taste, so much was her heart wrung with her misery.

When Tommy had concluded his humble meal, he took his little sister from his mother's arm, and seating himself in the corner, drew the folds of his torn jacket around the trembling infant, to protect it from the cold, and was endeavoring to get it to eat a bit of cake, that he by chance had obtained in his rounds, and had saved for that starving child, which was perishing for the want of the nourishment, that it failed to receive from its mother's breast.

Mrs. Fay arose with a firm, determined air, and addressed Jenny in the following words—

" Mrs. Craigie, I have occasion to go out for a short time."

" Oh ! my dear leddy, ye munna gang out fra' the house, on sich a cauld night as this ; it maun be the death o' ye."

" I have occasion to go. The agent has been here, and informed me that we must leave the house."

" Oh ! the hard-hearted carl ; he should ha' been ducked in a horse pond, before he got to the house on sich a brutal errand."

" They are not to blame so much as the owners of real estate, who are daily seen at public meetings enforcing reform, and giving munificent

donations for charitable purposes, which glare and dazzle the eyes of the world, gaining for them the admiration of men for their benevolence, at the same time, leaving their wretched tenants in their miserable abodes, at the mercy of ruthless men (who have no sympathy for their fellow creatures), instead of attending to their own business, they employ others to do this disagreeable duty."

Thus saying, Mrs. Fay drew her thin, scanty robe closely around her, to protect her from the cold winter's blast, and issued into the street.

In a splendidly furnished parlor, in one of those large aristocratic looking buildings in Bond street, upon the evening of which we speak of, there was seated around a glowing, bright coal fire in a grate, which sent a genial warmth throughout the room, a family party consisting of an old man, his son and daughter-in-law, grandson, and a lonely child of charity.

'Twas the Seten family, who were without company that evening, and had assembled in the parlor.

The beautiful Eveleen sat languidly upon the ottoman. They were conversing upon the subject of their yearly donations to different charitable institutions, to which they were in the habit of giving good amounts of money to every year, as the holidays came around.

"Why do you give those large sums, Eveleen? Through a charitable impulse, or what?" inquired old Seten.

"Well, I don't know, father," was the reply. "I never trouble myself about the charity part of it. I leave that part of it to those that receive the money from us for that purpose. Another thing, the papers speak well of us, which gives us eclat among our friends," and she threw herself back, as if greatly fatigued after this long speech.

"But are you sure," continued the old man, "that the money, which is so lavishly bestowed upon those, whose duty is to receive it for charitable purposes, is given to those for whom it was intended, or appropriated to their own use, to enrich themselves? I believe in charities given by a person's own hand to the poverty-stricken poor; the giver is assured that his object is obtained, and he is certain that they are relieved."

"What say you, William?" asked Eveleen of her son, who had been listening attentively, at the same time, gazing upon the lovely countenance of Rosa.

William started, and turning to his mother, he exclaimed—

"My dear mother, I coincide with my grandfather. As I was returning from Williamsburg last evening, my way led through one of those streets, where misery and wretchedness abound in all their horror. I observed an open door, where I perceived a glimmering light, which depicted to my view, a scene of desolation seldom met with. Within I saw an aged female, with her head drooping upon her hands, seated in one corner; in the centre of the room, upon a broken chair, sat a pale faced woman, with a look of meek resignation, gazing around upon the empty apartment; upon her lap lay a sickly infant, whose thin, gaunt countenance was marked with that sure passport to eternity of the poor man, Poverty; and, upon his knees, looking up into her

face with tearful eyes, was a boy, some nine years old. As I was about to enter, to give them a trifle to relieve their wants, I heard a footstep approaching. I paused for a moment, and I observed an aged man coming towards me, with a basket upon his arm. I retired into a recess made by the adjoining building, which projected farther into the street, and there I remained until he had arrived on the spot, and entered the room into which I had been looking. I then stole forth from my hiding-place, and peered into the apartment. The old man had placed the basket upon the floor, from which he had taken some food, which he was distributing among the wretched inmates, who thankfully received it, and with which they appeased their hungry appetites. When all had satisfied their hungry stomachs, the fragments which were left, were carefully lain aside for the morning meal. The old man knelt down among them and prayed. Thus after having satisfied the wants of the body, he was administering comfort to the soul. As I gazed upon this picture, and listened to his touching language, which was sublime—sublime in its simplicity, a tear arose in my eye, as I thought of the wretchedness unrelieved in this great city. Where were all those men of reform? where was all the money that was daily given by benevolent individuals, for the relief of indigence? Why did it not reach its destination? How was it, that there was so much misery and desolation in the midst of plenty? and the thought struck me, that there was something wrong concerning public charities.

"I was aroused from my reverie by a stir in the room. The old man had risen from his knees and was taking leave of those inside. I stood confronting him as he came from the house, and was about to speak to him, when he adroitly slipped past me and started off at a brisk pace. I followed him, determined to speak to him. On approaching him I said 'Pardon me, I would speak a word with you.'"

"'What would you with me, young sir?' said he, stopping, and answering me in a mild tone.

"'I would give you some money for the relief of that wretched family from whom you have just come,' answered I, at the same time proffering a roll of bills.

"'My dear sir, such doings are the cause of a great deal of suffering, which I will plainly prove to you. Should I accept that money, how easily I could appropriate it to my own use, and leave them still to suffer; you would walk off with a lighter heart, conscious that you had been the instrument of doing some good, but how deceived you would be. Such deceptions are carried on each day. Bestow your charities with your own hand, and God will bless you.'"

"Saying this he bid me good evening, leaving me with the full impression of the truths he uttered."

"I returned to the wretched dwelling, but found it closed. That, dear mother, I think was a true act of charity."

Eveleen had become interested in the tale, and at the conclusion she said, while a tear moistened her eye, "Indeed it was, do you know who that old man was, my son?"

"I neglected asking his name," returned William.

Eveleen looked towards Rosa, and asked her what was her opinion upon the subject which they were conversing upon.

"My dear madam," Rosa replied, "I fear I am not competent to explain my views upon the subject."

"Do, do," they all cried. Rosa thus enjoined, began :

"Charity has been construed into so many forms, that it has lost its intrinsic beauties. No charity is true that is given with a selfish motive,—given with the view of obtaining the world's applause; such is ostentatious charity; for Paul says, 'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing,' thus clearly proving that sympathy must accompany the gift. Money given, not accompanied by the purest feelings of the heart, (love for thy neighbor) cannot be ascribed to anything more than alms-giving. Charity is composed of all the finest feelings which are heaven-born. How the beauties of religion are distorted by the unsympathizing and uncharitable feelings entertained by one sect or creed against another. I sincerely believe there is no true religion in the heart of the individual who bears hatred to one of an opposite faith, for antagonism cannot dwell with love; for has not the Redeemer commanded us, to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. True charity cannot be better exemplified than by the love which we suppose is buried in the inmost recesses of the heart of a Christian mother, as she extends her care over her tender offspring. Even that is tinged with the selfish feeling, that she does her duty, which mars its beauty. True charity comes nothing short of Deity. That feeling which prompted our Saviour when he gave himself up to suffer for a sinful world."

Rosa had risen in her anxiety to impress her auditors with the truths that she uttered, and looking around upon them as she concluded, she observed their admiring looks upon her; a crimson blush overspread her face, and she retired from the room in confusion.

Just at this moment there was a ring at the bell. She hastened to the door and opened it, where she observed a female whose pale shivering form drew words of pity from her lips. Inviting the stranger to enter the hall, she asked her her business.

In a low tone the intruder said "I wish to see Mr. Frank Seten."

Rosa bade her wait for a moment, and went and informed that gentleman of the woman's wish, who immediately arose and came to the door. Upon arriving there he started back at beholding the features of one whom he had so deeply injured.

"Mr. Seten," said the woman, "we have met before when I was in better circumstances, now I am destitute. I dwell in one of your buildings, without the means of paying my rent. Your unfeeling agent has given me orders to leave the premises. Should I do so, I and my children will have no shelter, no home, but the public street in this wintry weather. I have come to ask you permission to remain."

She was answered by a fiendish laugh, and then the following words: "Mary Manvers, or rather Fay, it is a long time since we met. At our parting, I uttered the word 'Beware!' Too well had you reason. For

know, that I am the author of all your husband's woes. 'Twas I that led your husband, step by step, to misery, until he became a blighted mass of putrefaction, a burden to himself. All this was through my means, for when he became unfit for my company, I had hired agents employed to drag him down to destruction. All this I have done to satisfy my revenge for the blow he gave me upon the occasion of our first meeting. Know then that this hour is sweeter to me than every pleasure experienced by me during my whole life. The proud Mary Manvers humbly asking to remain in a humble room." And he again laughed hoarsely.

"No, begone, and rot in the streets upon a dunghill, if it suits you best," said he.

Mrs. Fay looked at him as she said. "Then may God forgive you as I do, for you have an account to render before Him of your deeds done in the flesh."

On concluding those words she turned and left the door, taking her lonely way through the cold blast as she traversed the streets, on her way back to her wretched family.

Frank stood gazing after her for a moment, when, on turning around, he was surprised to observe Rosa upon her knees before him, who addressed him in the following words :

"Mr. Seten, as you hope for mercy at the judgment seat of God, grant that poor woman's request."

Frank endeavored to thrust her out of the way, but she still clung to him, saying : "Do, I implore you, for the sake of her suffering children. Oh, only think, should your wife and son be in the same position, and she humbly seeking a shelter, would you not think the man flinty-hearted that would refuse them ?"

There was something so touching in the pleading voice of the girl that it raised a feeling of pity in the heart of him, where pity was never felt before, and he hastily said :

"Well, well, rise. I will give orders to-morrow to my agent to let them have the room rent free."

Rosa arose from her knees, exclaiming, "Bless you—bless you for that !" and the family soon after retired to rest.

"Fire ! fire ! fire !" rang out on the still night air, from the mouths of men. Loud sounded the stroke of the district-bell, as the devouring element committed its fell ravages upon all that came in its way. 'Twas the splendid mansion of the Setens, which had by some means caught fire in the lower part. A crowd had gathered in front of it just as Frank Seten and the lovely Eveleen rushed from the burning building, followed by William, half dressed, who, upon looking around, uttered a loud cry of despair, and said, "My grandfather and Rosa will perish," and was about to rush into the flames, when he was caught by the hand of his father, who exclaimed :

"'Tis useless, William ; you will but perish yourself, without saving them."

At this moment two men ran up the stoop, the foremost one exclaiming, "Where are they ?"

They were quickly told in the back room upon the first floor.

Waiting for no further information, the man who had acted as speaker dashed through the burning door followed by his companion. They soon returned, the former bearing the insensible form of the old man upon his shoulder, and the young girl clung to him with her arms around his neck.

On approaching Frank, he deposited his burden in his arms, William taking Rôsa from his neck ; and the poor, miserable object who had done such good service, looked up into Frank's face, and addressed him in the following words :

" Won't you give me enough to get a drink ? "

What were Frank's feelings as his eyes met that look ? To gaze upon the wretched being whom he had been the means of ruining, for no other purpose than to gratify a feeling of revenge. That look haunted him for many months. He felt in his pockets and drew forth a piece of silver which he gave him, and Edward Fay, followed by Crazy Tom, hastened from the spot to purchase more rum.

CHAPTER XV.

THE fire was soon extinguished by the Fire Department, without much damage having been done. The Seten family removed to one of their new buildings in the vicinity of Tomkins Square, where we shall leave them for the present.

When Edward Fay started off, followed by his companion, he proceeded towards his home. Near to the place where he resided there was one of these miserable rum-shops, where large quantities of poison were daily dealt out to the miserable inhabitants that lived in the neighborhood. The degraded female—degraded by the use of alcoholic drinks, could be seen to enter unblushingly in the broad glare of day with her bottle, and if without money, she could obtain that which she came after in exchange for any article of clothing, for all and every thing was fish to Old Tom's net. The poor ragged child of Mary, too small to reach the top of the counter, could be seen to enter that den of darkness, and go up to the bar and lisp with its infant lips the accursed words, " Half-pint of brandy." And that old fiend could be seen dealing out to that boy, coolly and deliberately with his murderous hand, and send him home, perhaps with the instrument of death to either one or the other of his wretched parents. Dear reader, is it not a sickening picture ? Alas, it is too true. There are many such dens in this great city, yet men will oppose the passage of a prohibitory law, thereby degrading themselves by the degradation of their fellow-creatures, for the accumulation of riches. He that can gaze upon a drunken man without pity, has no self-esteem, nor does he glory in the works of God.

In this before-mentioned den, Edward Fay spent much of his time,

dozing away the day in moody stupidity, ever ready to drink when asked. It was a remarkable thing that Crazy Tom, who always accompanied him into every low vile haunt which he entered, never could be induced to taste the damning poison; clearly illustrating that, with his deranged and weakened intellect, he had more sense than those that can boast of their reason.

'Twas to this place that Edward directed his steps. Upon his entrance he was greeted with a scowl from old Tom, until showing the piece of money, which he had received from Frank Seten, the countenance of Tom changed to a smile, and he remarked that "sleepy Ned had luck."

This drew the attention of all that were in the place upon him, who flocked around him like a parcel of vampyres ready to get their suckers in.

"What will you have, my lark?" cried Tom.

"Brandy," replied Edward.

Upon its being placed before him he poured out a tumblerful and drank it off at a breath.

The rest taking it for granted that he stood treat, had all called for liquors of various kinds and drank.

Upon Tom's counting heads he threw down three cents before Edward, exclaiming, "That makes it right."

Fay pushed it back, saying, "It is not worth picking up. Give me some more brandy."

He again filled a glass and drank it off; he then seated himself among the rest who were clustered around a small stove, passing jokes with each other."

They had not been seated long when some one of them wished for another drink, when Edward rose and addressed the landlord.

"Tom, it's getting late now, if you'll let us all have a drink we'll go away quietly and peaceably. What say you?"

"To the Devil with you. Do you suppose that I keep my liquor to give away. Go get money, that's the talk. Money makes the mare; go bring me money and you can have rum. I don't keep rum to give to loafers.

Edward, maddened by the last-mentioned word, rushed from the shop, followed by Crazy Tom.

When Mrs. Fay turned from the door of the Seten mansion she took her way towards her wretched home. To be turned from it, as poor as it was, at this inclement season, exposing her children to the cold, caused her to shudder. Upon her arrival, she took the infant from Jenny, and seated herself in her accustomed place, where it was her wont to sit and rock her child, and brood over her misery.

Jenny had lain down to gain a little rest, of which she stood so much in need after her daily toil. Tommy was kneeling at his mother's feet, looking into the face of his little sister, whose countenance had assumed a death-like pallor, laying motionless upon its mother's lap, who sat, swaying her body to and fro. Her thoughts were not upon herself, nor those around her; they were with that poor, wretched, misguided

man, to whom she had closely clung, sharing his miserable life so many years patiently, without a murmur. Where was he now?

As these thoughts were busy in her mind, she heard a noise of approaching footsteps. The door was rudely thrust open, and there upon the threshold stood, with bloodshot eye and bloated countenance (the man who should have been the protector of that family) the author of their misery.

Gazing around for a moment, in search of something that he could dispose of; nothing met his view but the ring upon his wife's finger—that ring which he had given to her in early life, when he, in the full pride of upright manhood, had led that poor heart-broken woman to the altar.

He darted forward, and seizing her hand, tore it from her finger.

Mary, in a supplicating tone, cried, "Dear Edward, spare me that; I have retained it through all the scenes of my wretched life, even when hunger assailed me and my children. I have clung to it as a token which brought to my memory the few brief, sunny hours of my early happiness, before the tempter came and destroyed our Eden."

Those words touched the fallen, degraded man as she uttered them, and he gazed upon her pale, care-worn countenance for a moment, with a look of remorseful sorrow. At the conclusion he muttered, "'Tis too late," and hoarsely laughing, rushed from the house. He took his way for the gin-shop of old Tom. Upon entering, he threw the ring upon the counter, exclaiming, "There, will you give me some rum for that?"

Tom picked up the ring and looked carefully at it. "It's good gold," said he. "Who did you steal this from?"

Those words still more maddened Edward, whose ruffled temper could ill brook to be called a thief, and furiously springing at Tom, he caught him by the throat; a struggle now ensued. Those in the store severally siding with the combatants; some crying, "Go it Tom;" others crying, "Give it to him, Ned; sleepy Ned for ever."

Old Tom, being the strongest, had Edward down, and was choking him. At this moment, Crazy Tom, who had been looking on, sprang forward and seized the ring which lay unnoticed upon the counter, at the same time clutching a bottle by the neck, and before he could be prevented by those that were standing around, dealt a tremendous blow upon the head of the rum-seller, who, with a groan, relaxed his hold upon Edward's neck, and fell back upon the floor.

"What made you do that?" cried one of the by-standers to Crazy Tom.

He replied, pointing upwards. "The Good Man up there told me to strike him and kill him, so that he could not poison any more people."

As he concluded those words he darted from the shop.

Edward Fay stood gazing at the dying rum-seller with folded arms, as he lay upon the floor. Tom had become delirious, gazing upon vacancy with distended eyes, and screaming in pitiful and supplicating tones, for some person to draw a curtain before the hideous visages of

his victims, whom he fancied were looking with distorted and grinning exultation depicted upon their countenances, at their hopes of revenge upon him.

Who could envy that man his death-bed tortures for all the hidden treasures that were buried in the bowels of the earth?

While, as we have said, Edward was gazing upon this horrible picture, two policemen entered, and asked, "Who was the perpetrator of the bloody deed?"

They were informed that Edward and his companion had done it.

Edward was taken, unresistingly, to the station house, and lodged by himself in a cell.

Upon Crazy Tom's leaving the rum-shop, he darted with lightning speed through the streets towards his home. Entering hastily, he gave the ring to Mrs. Fay, and crouched down in the corner with a wild air. The wretched wife endeavored to draw from him the whereabouts of her husband, but in vain. Tom only answered by pointing towards the door.

Presently, there was heard voices of men approaching, when half a dozen policemen entered, and seeing Tom in the corner, advanced and took hold of him.

Mrs. Fay inquired hurriedly of one of them what was the matter.

One of them replied. "Your husband and this fellow here (pointing at Tom) have killed a man."

She heard no more, but fell fainting upon the floor.

When she returned to consciousness the room was deserted by all but herself, her boy, and old Jenny, who had taken the infant from the floor upon which it had fallen when its mother had fainted. Its little soul had fled to a purer world, to dwell with its God, free from the miseries of this life. When Mrs. Fay had been made acquainted with the fact she gazed upon it for a moment, with a countenance expressive of her feelings, and imprinting one last kiss upon its little forehead, seized our little hero by the hand and rushed from the house.

Edward had not long been in the cell when seating himself, he, for the first time in many years, began to reflect upon the situation of his family and himself. As scene after scene of his miserable career arose to his view, he was seized with a burning, maddening pain across his temples which caused him to cry out:

"My brain burns, as if it was broiling in molten lead, and now a shivering seizes on my frame, cold as the icy hand of death. I think I'm carried high up in air, through endless space, with magic speed. Now, I fall towards the earth, with lightning swiftmess. I shall be dashed to atoms. Save me! Save me! Help! help! or I perish."

And he fell upon the brick floor of his prison, motionless, attacked by the delirium tremens.

After remaining quiet for a few moments, he started to a sitting posture, and continued—

"Hell itself could not invent a deed of half such dreadful note. Inhuman devil as thou art, not content with my ruin, but you must

drag my wife and children to destruction. Spare them. Spare them. See ! see !”

And he pointed, in his delirium, to the opposite side of his cell, crying—

“They drag them to the very brink of the precipice. Now, they are about to hurl them to the bottom. Struggle with them, Mary. Struggle with them for a moment. Mary, Mary, I come. Oh, spare her. Spare her. Alas, it is too late ! See ! see ! They hurl her off, and, now, my children, they hurl them off, too. Madness ! And I not there, to save them. See their mangled forms, as they descend, how they strike against each projecting rock, tearing their tender flesh. Now, now, they reach the bottom, a blighted mass, there to lay and blacken in the summer's sun. Fate, do your worst, life has no more pleasures for me. I'll join in all kinds of horrid deeds, and laugh at human misery.”

And he laughed hysterically—a hoarse laugh—then threw himself, motionless upon the floor.

Mrs. Fay, at this moment, entered the cell, with little Tommy. On her perceiving the prostrate form of her husband upon the floor, she advanced and knelt beside him, exclaiming—

“Edward, dear Edward.”

“Disturb me not, good stranger,” cried he ; “I'm doomed to lay upon this spot for the space of one thousand years.”

“Oh, God, have mercy upon him,” cried she, “and keep his senses. Edward, Edward, do you not know me?”

Edward Fay sprang to his feet, gazing into her face, and cried—

“That voice !”

She asked him again, if he did not know her, alarmed at his wild look.

“Know you ? Yes. I would know you among ten thousand, were I blindfolded, could I but hear that voice. I thought you dead ; it must have been some horrid fancy of my disordered brain. Hark !” he cried, as if listening. “I hear the desperate mob upon my track ; their voices are still ringing in my ears. Mary, let's fly to some remote corner of the earth, where, all alone, we will be free from the treachery of deceitful men ; where we will not be influenced by them, to turn from the path of rectitude. Let us fly to some lone spot, where we will not be hampered by the forms and customs of society ; we can, untrammelled pick out our own way, and be our own judge between right and wrong. Come, I say.”

“Where would you take me, dear Edward ?” cried the heart-broken woman, thinking it was best to humor his disordered fancy.

“To some secluded spot, far from the hum of human voices, where the rich and fertile earth is covered with green grass and sweet blooming flowers. Your couch shall be of fresh-gathered moss, soft as the softest velvet cushions ; your covering be the blue ethereal sky, where, each morning, you will be awakened by the sweet notes of the feathered choristers of the grove, instead of the hateful noise of cities. There, and there alone, we will be happy.”

"I fear it would not be safe, dear Edward, in that wild place," cried she, sobbing, and still humoring him.

"Safe! It would be safer to be in the wild, tempestuous ocean—battling with its huge waves, with the elements combined, in all their bursting fury, threatening destruction upon your devoted head; or in the dark, untrodden forest, with lions, tigers and panthers howling around in savage wildness—than to be surrounded by luxurious habitations, reared in all the arrogance of pampered pride, with vice, in all its gorgeous, glittering show, to lure you on to destruction."

At this moment, his eyes fell upon Tommy, and, starting back, he cried—

"What serpent is this, that you have brought to sting me with its deadly fangs?" And rushing to a settee that was placed against the wall, he tore off one of the legs, and raising it high above his head, ran towards him.

Mrs. Fay screamed, and endeavored to protect the boy.

He stood for a moment with uplifted hand; his eyes became glazed—his countenance rigid, and fell back upon the floor a corpse, a victim to revenge and the rum-seller.

Mary Fay stood for a moment, gazing upon his lifeless form, when, with a loud shriek, she threw herself upon the body of him she had loved so truly, even in his degradation. Patiently had she borne her misery. She had lived for him alone, and there she lay a stiffened corpse, having died a broken-hearted woman. But, why is not Frank Seten there, gloating with fiendish pleasure upon the success of his hellish revenge? He can no more injure them. They are beyond his reach. They have gone before Him, who will, ere long, call the villain, likewise, to render up an account of deeds done in the flesh.

When the officials of the prison entered the cell, they observed Tommy, kneeling by the dead bodies of his parents, sobbing bitterly. He was taken from the cell, and, at his own request, allowed to go home.

Crazy Tom was cleared of the charge of murder, by a verdict of insanity, and was sent to the Lunatic Asylum. Honest Will attended to the funeral of the child. And old Jenny, who had received orders from the agent, to remain in the house, managed—by her own earnings and the money obtained by little Tommy—to keep soul and body together. But she gradually sank, becoming weak and enfeebled through old age and sorrow. Herself and Tommy would, occasionally, by the help of their old friend, manage to spare money enough to defray their expenses to visit the old woman's son, who, after having been confined for some time, and showing no disposition to be refractory, was allowed to run at large, from ward to ward; but, at each visit of his mother, he cried piteously to be allowed to return to the City, with her.

Towards the latter part of November last, Jenny, whose health having rapidly failed, lay upon her bed. Tommy knelt beside her, crying.

"Don't cry, my dear boy," said she; "I am old, and have lived a long time. When I am gone don't neglect your Bible. It has been

my only comfort and consolation. It was your mother's too, and let it also be yours. It is the only sure road to happiness. When everything else fails, that will stick to you with its cheering light. When your mother's old friend, Mr. Sykes, comes home, go to him—tell him that I am no more. He, for the sake of the love he bore your parents, will protect you."

Our little hero sobbed and cried, "Oh, I shall be so lonesome when you are gone."

After thus giving advice to that poor lonely orphan, she fell into a gentle slumber, from which she never awoke, thus ending a life advanced to a good old age, in the service of a family to whom she had devoted herself, to repay one charitable act, rendered her in early life.

Tommy, who had been seated by the bed, upon perceiving that his old friend had ceased breathing, informed the people in the next room, they gave notice to the authorities who had her buried. Upon their taking away the coffin from the house, Tommy was observed by one of the officers sobbing in the corner, and was asked by him what he intended to do.

He replied, "He did not know."

"Had you not better come with us, we will have you put on Randall's Island, where you will be taken care of."

Our hero dried his eyes with the sleeve of his ragged jacket, and looking proudly up into the officer's face, he said, "My mother has told me that my grandfather nobly fought in defence of that Independence which our country now enjoys. I am an American boy, and likewise have a feeling of independence which I would enjoy. Should I go to Randall's Island, I would be placed under restriction. I am able to procure a living for myself. Our charitable institutions are already filled to overflowing."

"You are a noble boy," said the officer, "and should you find any difficulty in getting along, you can then go to where I mentioned."

Leaving Tommy, as he concluded, he departed up the street to overtake the cart, in which were the remains of old Jenny on their way to Potter's Field.

Our hero now being alone, he sat down and cried bitterly for some time, at length, he began to consider which was his best course to pursue. Honest Will had gone with his family to Philadelphia to see a distant relative of his wife's, some two weeks previous to the demise of old Jenny. Tommy knew that he would be received with a hearty welcome into his family were he home. But something was to be done, and that quickly, for he could not endure the thought of remaining alone in that room. He sold the few remaining articles of furniture to the woman who lived in the next room, for a few shillings and sallied out to look for a boarding-place.

After traversing the streets for a long time, stopping at the door of several houses where boarders were taken, but who upon looking at his wretched appearance, in answer to his inquiry, with a shrug of the shoulders cried, "No," at length he came to a basement, where he saw upon a piece of board hanging over the door, the word lodgings, written with chalk.

It was a horrid looking place. The landlady, Mrs. Brown, observed Tommy looking through the upper part of the door which was of glass, she beckoned to him. Upon his entrance she asked him what he wanted.

He informed her that he was in search of a boarding-place, and seeing a sign above the door, signifying that lodgings could be obtained there, that he was on the point of entering, when she called him.

"Yes," she replied, "I keep a lodging house, but if you want to board I suppose I can accommodate you."

"How much do you charge a week, ma'am?" asked our hero.

"Well," replied she, looking at him sharply, "I suppose I can let you come for ten shillings, but have you no parents?"

"No, ma'am," replied Tommy, with a quivering lip.

"What do you do for a living?"

"I sell chips," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Very well," and she turned to attend to her duties.

Tommy now had time to look around him, and he shuddered as the different objects of misery met his eye. There were men and women of all colors, seated around the room. In the corner there lay a wretched object beastly intoxicated, with his face covered with blood, cursing some one who had injured him.

Mrs. Brown ran at him and kicked him in the face, crying, "Hush your drunken jaw, you old fool and go to sleep."

A dirty looking woman, seated upon a broken chair, beckoned to Tommy, who crossed over to her, when she accosted him in the following language, "Me darlint, if ye'll jist be afther goin' over to the corner, and bring me a gill of gin, I'll give you a penny for yourself." At the same time offering money and a bottle to him.

Tommy excused himself by saying that he had not time, upon which he left the cellar, and returned to his former abode to get his basket, that he might be in readiness to commence his work the next morning.

He was surprised in the evening, to see those in the house send out for their meals, some getting bread and butter, according to their taste or means. While others, who not having money, were forced to go supperless, gazed with hungry faces as the fortunate ones devoured their meals.

Mrs. Brown gave Tommy a slight supper, and told him he might go to bed as soon as he liked.

Upon receiving this information, our hero, in a gentle voice, asked where his bed could be found.

She laughingly replied, "Any where you like. Pick out the softest plank you can find."

Tommy retired into a corner, and seated himself apart from the rest, to brood over his lonely situation; but as night drew on, the scenes enacted before him became disgusting to him, and he arose and left the cellar. He took his way down to the dock, where he seated himself, looking into the water, where he remained until a late hour.

Upon returning to his boarding-house, he entered, but what a sight met his view! men and women, who had become insensible, from the

effects of ardent spirits, strewed promiscuously about the floor, with no regard to decency. Tommy picked his way among them, and reached the remotest corner, where, lying down, after a long time he managed to sink into a slumber, forgetting for awhile his misery. He was aroused early by Mrs. Brown, who, giving him his breakfast, sent him off to begin his day's work.

One day, in his rounds, not being very fortunate in disposing of his load of chips, he had wandered farther than usual. The weather was very cold, and his bare feet, which were greatly chapped, were bleeding profusely. When in the vicinity of Tompkins square, as he was passing a very large house, crying "Here's your pitch-pine chips," he observed a young girl standing in the door. He humbly asked her if she wanted any chips. As she gently answered "No," their eyes met, and they stood gazing at each other for some time.

The girl called him up upon the stoop, and asked him if he had no shoes. Upon being answered in the negative, she beckoned him to follow her.

She conducted him into the kitchen, and bid him be seated, and warm his feet.

Doing as she desired, Tommy was soon comfortably seated, awaiting the return of Rosa, for it was she who had gone up stairs, and soon returned with a pair of William Seten's shoes, which she bid Tommy put on, first giving a pair of warm stockings to him. She next went to the larder, and returned with some food, which she gave him.

While Tommy sat eating, she seated herself opposite to him, gazing upon his face, seemingly much interested in scanning his countenance.

Having satisfied his hunger, Tommy gratefully looked up into her eyes.

Rosa asked him if he had no father nor mother.

He shook his head in answer.

"Then you are an orphan, like myself; but you have had the happiness of having seen your parents. You can remember their kind looks. I have not that pleasure. I have never known mine;" and she wiped away a tear. "How long have they been dead?"

"About one year," cried Tommy, as the tears ran down his cheeks.

Tommy here related to Rosa the horrible death of his parents in the prison. Rosa remembered having been informed by William Seten of the death of the poor drunkard who had saved the lives of his grandfather and herself, and likewise of the death of the poor woman, for whom she had, upon her knees, obtained permission from Frank Seten to remain a tenant in her miserable abode.

Upon Tommy's concluding his tale of sorrow, she exclaimed, "I have seen both your father and mother;" and Rosa related to him the occurrences of that eventful night, and she spoke of the pity she felt while gazing upon the pale face of his mother.

Tommy remarked, that he was in the habit of passing his evenings seated upon the dock at the foot of Third street, gazing into the water, where sometimes he fancied that he could discover the face of his angelic mother in the clear blue waters.

Thus those two orphans conversed, until Tommy arose to go, when Rosa paid him for his chips. As she did so, she said that she did not want them, but that she had detained him from selling them.

Tommy refused to take the money, without she took the chips; when, seeing him determined, she bid him throw them into the wood-house. As he was about to leave, she asked him to come again the next day. After promising that he would, he left the house.

It was upon the following morning, about one, that the occurrence happened to our little hero which we have related in the first chapter, and which led to his being taken care of by those benevolent men. As near as we can recollect, it was on the Saturday following the meeting of Rosa and Tommy, that Crazy Tom, who had become uneasy at not seeing his mother and our little hero, by some means affected his escape from the Asylum, and travelled on foot to the city.

Rosa looked anxiously for little Tommy on the next day. She felt a great interest in his welfare, for which she could not account. She had mentioned his lonely situation to old Mr. Seten, and had obtained permission from him to engage him as an errand-boy. But each succeeding day passed, without his appearance. He had called at the door, in his lonely walk, and inquired for her, but the servant who came to the door, seeing his dirty, ragged appearance, had driven him from the house.

On the before-mentioned day, she had become determined to seek for him. Remembering that he had informed her that in the evenings he usually sat until a late hour upon the wharf, gazing into the water, she that evening requested William to accompany her, who readily assented, and they took their way for the dock, about nine o'clock.

Upon their arrival, they looked in vain for Tommy. As she stood looking into the river, she too fancied that she could see the pale face of a female looking up at her. The tide was running very strong, which caused Rosa to feel a dizziness, who, in her anxiety to see the face plainer, had reached far over the dock, when losing her balance, she, with a loud scream, fell headlong into the river.

William immediately plunged after her. Having caught hold of her, he clung to the wharf, and loudly called for help.

Our young hero, who was comfortably seated by the stove conversing with honest Will, upon hearing the scream of a female, started up and darted from the house, followed by old Will. The cries of William acted as a guide. He soon reached the wharf, when he saw at a glance the position of those in the water. On looking around, he observed the end of a rope which was fastened to one of the spiles; he seized it and plunged head foremost into the water; but, unfortunately, his head came in contact with a log that was floating on the tide, upon which he fractured his skull; but, before he became unconscious, he had reached William, who had observed his head strike the log. He grasped the rope from the hand of Tommy, and quickly bound it around him and Rosa, and looking upon the dock, he observed a man and woman, to whom he cried out to draw them up. Acting as they were

ordered, by their united efforts they managed to pull Rosa and our hero up, and landed them safely upon the dock.

William soon clambered up, and upon examining the injured boy they found that he was bleeding profusely. Honest Will placed him upon his shoulders, and was about to take him to his own home, when Rosa begged him to carry Tommy to the residence wherein she dwelt, that she might be enabled to attend to him herself. Her request being seconded by William, honest Will after some hesitation agreed, and being directed by them, he took his way for Tompkins Square, followed by Mrs. Brown, for it was her who had been attracted to the spot by the cries of those in the water.

Upon their arrival, honest Will was ordered to lay his burthen, upon a sofa. Rosa kneeled down by him and took his hand. The door being left open, our old friend, Crazy Tom, who had been wandering in vain to find his friends, and was passing took a notion to enter. The first person that met his view upon his entering the room of Rosa was old Seten, when he gave that peculiar yell with which he had so often startled the old man.

Seten staggered back exclaiming, "That voice again."

The eyes of Crazy Tom next fell upon the kneeling girl, whose dress was displaced from her neck, showing the impression of a strawberry upon her left shoulder. Tom with a bound sprang to her side crying, "My strawberry ! I've found my strawberry."

"Merciful Heaven ! 'tis the lost child of Edward Fay," cried honest Will, "I know her by that mark. Tom is right, I too have noticed it before in her infancy."

"Then Heaven be praised !" exclaimed old Seten. "I have lived long enough to do one act of reparation, that of restoring to the heir of old Mr. Graham, the fortune that has been detained from its rightful owners too long."

Old Will now informed Rosa, or Charlotte, as we will now call her, that the poor bleeding boy before her was her brother.

As she hung sobbing over him, she exclaimed :

"Then I too have seen my parents amid the crackling flames of the destroying fire. I clung to the neck of my poor father, unknowing and unknown, when he was sent by a merciful Providence to save me from destruction ; and my mother, my poor mother !"

As the remembrance of that night came upon her she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Tommy with an effort, took her by the hand, and in a low voice said :

"Sister, dear sister, weep not for her, she is even now rejoicing in that far off mansion of the blest, at this the meeting of her orphan children upon earth. Charlotte weep not for me, I am happy, believe me, although our parting comes so soon after having become aware of each other's existance ; 'twill be but for a short space of time when we will be reunited in Heaven, free from the cares and troubles of this earth. Believe me, dear sister, 'tis happiness to die conscious of having thy hand to smoothe my pillow."

At this moment they were all startled by a female voice, exclaiming, "Charles Grafton, there is another one to whom you owe reparation."

The eyes of all present turned upon Mrs. Brown, who was standing in the back-ground, with a pistol presented at the head of George Seten.

"Receive the reward due to you from one you have so grossly injured," she exclaimed.

As she was in the act of firing, Charlotte sprang towards her, and with a blow she knocked the pistol from her hand: it fell upon the floor without injury to any person.

Charlotte cried, "Woman, would you be a murderess?"

"I would have revenge," cried Mrs. Brown.

"Revenge belongs to the Most High," cried Charlotte. "Turn your thoughts upon Him."

"Girl, I was once as young and fair as thou art. I knew no harm; but I was ruined by that villain, have I not cause to seek revenge?"

At this moment the door opened, and Frank Seten and Eveleen entered, having rushed from their room at the noise of the pistol. Mrs. Brown turned, and observed him, when she cried, "Ha, George Hastings. See, there stands my enemy."

"Impossible!" cried Frank, "'tis my father."

"Your father!" cried she, turning to the old man, "is that boy your son?"

"He is, Louisa Smith, and your son likewise."

"How is this? I am bewildered. Is not your name Mrs. Lisle?" asked Frank.

"It is," cried she. "I am Louisa Smith, Mrs. Lisle and Mrs. Brown. I have changed names at various stages of my life, to obtain the one great end for which I have lived—Revenge! Is that woman your wife?" continued she, to Frank Seten, who nodded in the affirmative.

"Ha! ha! ha!" and she turned to old Seten. "Behold the effects of your villainy! your son married to your daughter. Why, Eveleen, my darling, how do you do?" and as the bloated hag approached her, Eveleen turned from her in disgust.

Frank Seten approached his father saying, "Does this woman speak the truth?"

"She does. She is your mother."

Frank cried, "And I have wed my own sister? Horrid, horrid!" and he rushed from the house.

"Louisa, we are both now old. I am willing to make reparation, as far as I am able," said old Seten.

"Can you bring back my innocence? Can you bring back my poor silly mother? Can you bring back my peace of mind? Bring these back, and then talk of reparation," cried Louisa.

William now observed, looking at Charlotte—

"Dear Charlotte, you will now despise me. I having this stain upon my birth."

"Never!" answered the noble girl, and placing her hand in his, con-

tinued, "you loved the poor orphan, and were her friend. She does not forget it."

"For the sake of those two children, I will unfold that, which otherwise would have been buried with me in the grave. Eveleen Gray is not my daughter. She is the child of a frail sister of misfortune who was kind to me, and gave me a shelter when I was homeless, upon her death, I adopted her child."

"Thank heaven!" cried old Seten. "That sin is off my soul."

At this moment the doctor arrived, who had been sent for. Upon examining Tommy's wound, he pronounced his case hopeless.

Our hero at this moment, opened his eyes, and they met those of Charlotte, who cried, "My dear brother."

Tommy smiled, and placed his hand in hers, then looking up, he murmured—

"What a glorious sight."

"What see you, Tommy?" anxiously asked Honest Will, hanging over him.

"My dream, my dream, with one exception," said Tommy.

"What is that," asked Will.

"My poor deluded father saved, and his destroyer punished."

He said no more, his eyes became fixed. He was a corpse.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE but very little more to say, dear reader. Old Seten married Louisa Smith, as an act of justice, and she is now, through the united influence of William and Charlotte, become a convert to the true faith, and lives contentedly with the old man. William discovered in honest Will, the charitable old man whom he had witnessed relieving the distressed family of Edward Fay. Charlotte and himself as a reward placed his family in comfortable circumstances. It is a pleasant sight to see the trio as they traverse the streets at night, seeking and relieving misery, and inducing the drunkard to reform.

Frank Seten has never been heard of. It is supposed that horror-struck, at the thought of marrying his own sister, he took passage for California, in the San Francisco, and was among the number lost in that ill-fated ship. Eveleen grieves for his loss, but is becoming somewhat reconciled. William and Charlotte intend to be married as soon as they arrive at a proper age. Crazy Tom was taken back to the asylum much against his will, where his fretfulness has caused him to be confined to his own ward; but it is the intention of Charlotte to try to gain his release, believing that he will be quite harmless when with her.

Harry Courtland, the murderer of Mr. Jennings, the ruined merchant, who affected his escape on that eventful night, is supposed to have become one of those Southern adventurers, under an assumed name, as no trace of him has become known to the authorities.

And now, dear reader, having to the best of my ability, traced out the line of true charity, and pointed to that which is false, and having related the short-lived career of "The Chip Boy of the Dry Dock," I will, with the best of wishes for your prosperity, take my leave.

THE END.

